Mme L. Chapais L. M.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

A TEACHER'S LIFE

INCLUDING

A RESIDENCE IN THE NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN STATES, CALIFORNIA, CUBA AND PERU,

BY MISS HOLT.

Dedicated, by permission, to His Excellency the Lieut. Governor of Quebec.

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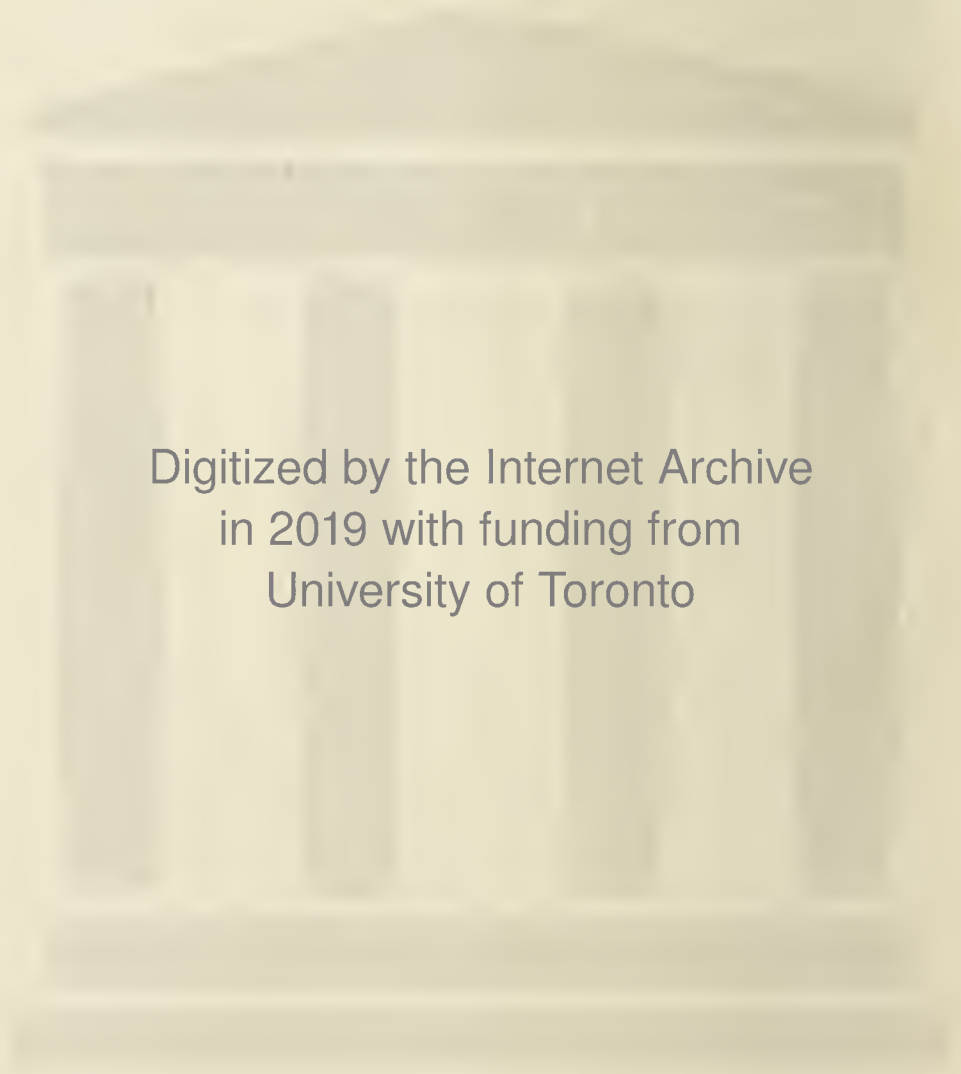
1875

PREFACE.

Written under the pressure of a calamity—by no means the first of the kind, as the reader will find, though, from the pecular circumstances attending it, by far the heaviest, as its effects must shadow, in some degree, the remainder of my life—no one can be more sensible than myself of the many imperfections of this, my first essay in the field of literature, which ill health has also often compelled me to lay aside. Possibly, under happier circumstances, it might have been more worthy of perusal. As it is, I trust it to the indulgence of the reader.

C. E. H.
No. 1 Grande Allee,

Quebec, June 1st, 1875.



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AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

A TEACHER'S LIFE.

CHAPTER FIRST.

LIFE AS A PUPIL.

My earliest recollections date from my fourth year, when a pupil of Miss Martin's. That worthy lady then wielded the sceptre in the vicinity of the Post Office. Her reign, however, must have been a mild one, for I can remember being often permitted to amuse myself, in school hours, standing on a chair behind her, and remodeling her coiffure. But she could punish too, for as I write, visions of sundry boys stretched on their backs on the floor, with upheld slates, rise before me. Miss D——, also figures in my memory amongst my earliest teachers, and also Miss Aspinall, whose success as a teacher of dancing will long be remembered in Quebec. Her balls for the exhibition of her pupils were very recherché affairs. When a mite of five or six years of age, I figured in one given to her scholars, at the Castle of St. Lewis, (the site of Durham Terace) under the patronage of Lady Aylmer, when we executed the "Minuet de la Cour," the Crown Dance, the Polish and Quadrille Mazurkas, with waltzes, etc., *ad libitum*, very much to our own satisfaction, and doubtless in the highest style of the art. The present Countess of Errol was one of Miss A——'s best pupils, and shone conspicuously on the occasion. Some years after retiring from the profession, Miss A—— married Mr. P—— of Montreal. She died a few months ago, at an advanced age.

In my sixth year, I was placed as a day scholar at the Ursuline convent. It was then the best school in the city for girls, and as an educational establishment, I think it has never been surpassed. Preceded the following year by practice on the piano at home, the hours of attendance, from eight o'clock, A. M., to five o'clock, P. M. fell rather heavily on so young a child. Very diminutive in size, I believe I was the youngest and smallest of the many hundreds, perhaps I might say thousands, who had ever passed those ancient portals. Reserved, quiet, and rather studiously inclined, the cloister life attracted me powerfully. The black-veiled nuns, with their dark flowing robes, the long and silent corridors, with their low,

mysterious looking doors—the religious services in the "Chœur" where the voices of the sisters mingled with the soft notes of the organ—the lighted and beautifully decorated altar—all combined to cultivate my childish fancy, and the ardent affection bordering on idolatry, which I felt for some of the kind nuns, completed the charm. Even now, worn and spent with the battle of life, it refreshes me to look back on those peaceful convent days, and could my reason yield assent to the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church, it is within those walls, that I would pass the remainder of my life. My teachers were the Mère St. A——, Mère St. S——, Mère de C——, Mère St. B——, Mère St. F. X——, and Mère St. T——, of all of whom I have the kindest recollections. The annual examinations, attended by relatives and friends admitted by tickets, presented a pretty scene. The immense room was generally densely packed on every side. The walls and pillars, decked with evergreen and wreathed with roses, contrasted well with the white dresses of the pupils, each class distinguished by a different colored badge, a pink, green, scarlet or blue sash, worn over the left shoulder. After the more serious exercises in the arena of art and science, the company were enlivened by variou little dramas, performed by the pupils. Then came th thrilling moment preceding the crowning of the victors—the parting address in the rich tones of good old Father Maguire, and the final announcement.—"Mes enfants, la seance est terminée."

Commencing the study of music in my seventh year under the kind Mère St. F. X——, my education in that branch was afterwards chiefly carried on by that very ep pery old gentleman, Mr. Codman. He was an enthusiast in music, and a good teacher, so far as that term can be applied to one totally wanting in patience. His pupils will long remember that swaying form at the pino, in constant motion, now bending to the right till his nose almost touched the keys, then rushing to the left. A false note was torture to him, and roused him to fury. He would storm, rave, dance and prance about the room, till the miserable delinquent was generally reduced to tears. But I never afforded him that gratification; mute perfectly calm and unmoved, with folded hands, I waited till the storm passed over. He had a white slave, a youth who seemed to combine the offices of student and valet, and the life he held under that irascible old man was not pleasant. I doubt if ever a southern darkey, raised a heartier "jubilate" on Emancipation day than that poor boy.

In spite of his infirmity of temper, Mr. C—— was a good man and much esteemed. He died in Quebec in 1852. A tablet was erected to his memory in the cathedral of which he was organist. Let us hope he has joined the heavenly choir where there are no discordant notes.

After remaining at the convent six years, I passed into the hands of Mrs. K——, a rigid old English lady, with delicate health and an iron rule. Then Miss M—— took the reins. She was an excellent teacher and a thorough lady, who will ever be affectionately remembered by her pupils in this city. A year at Miss F——'s fasionable boarding school in Montreal, followed, chiefly associated in my mind with a series of skirmishes between the Principal and a few youths given to serenading, sending billets-doux hidden in cakes, etc., very much disposed also to share her close attendance on her flock in their promenades and exhibiting a particularly strong devotional tendency on Sunday evenings.

On my return home, a quarter with Mrs. C—— ended my school life as a pupil, shortly before the completion of my fifteenth year, though I was induced a few years later. to study Italian for two or three months, with Mr. B—— in company with a friend. Study at school, however, but lays the foundation to be built on in after years, and being very fond of reading, I have perhaps suffered less from my early withdrawal than I would otherwise have done. Could I then have raised the veil of the future, I would have applied myself vigorously to several distasteful, and therefore neglected branches, but my thorny path was mercifully hidden from my eyes, and I cultivated only those most agreeable to me.

CHAPTER SECOND.

LIFE AS A TEACHER,— WARRENTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

The death of my ever-lamented father, on the 12th May, 1852, was immediately followed by the dispersion of the household. I spent the summer with my kind relations in Montreal, and in the winter of that year, I made my début as a teacher in a large boarding-school in Warrenton, North Carolina. It is, or was then, a small inland country village, perhaps I ought to call it a town, at some distance from the railway, and reached by a lonely drive through the woods. It was my first meeting, face to face, with slavery, and though I am no rabid Abolitionist, I could not help being struck with the "Sleepy Hollow" air which seemed to pervade the whole place in every department. The proprietor of the school was a large unwieldy, pompous and illiterate man, (the latter circumstance being apparently no disqualification for his election as Member of Congress) and totally unfitted for his post. One of these Washington luminaries enumerated in the list of curiosities brought home from a foreign tour—"a little *Saliva* from Mount *Usubius*"!!—It was proposed to erect a monument to Calhoun, and his opinion being asked, he said he should vote "for a *full length bust*"!! However Mr. T. did not teach in the Seminary, which perhaps was just as well. The prosperity of the establishment seemed

in his opinion, to be mainly dependent on the early extinction of the candles, and his daily cry, towards ten o'clock, P. M., "Put out them lights" was about the only injunction I ever remember to have heard from his lips. A common expression of his wife's—"powerful sorry" or "powerful glad" made a very powerful impression on me. The society at Warrenton was very small, but good; and I was specially pleased with the kind attentions of Mrs. G., the wife of the Presbyterian minister. But at home, misrule reigned supreme; we were treated with little or no attention by the proprietor and his family, and our discontent increased day by day. The corps of teachers was composed of two daughters of the Principal, three young ladies from the State of New York, myself, and Mr. T., Professor of the piano and harp. I was teacher of French and Assistant-Teacher of Music. The school house was a few yards from the main building, but having stipulated for a bedroom to myself, (a *sine qua non* in every engagement I made) I received all my pupils in my room, which boasted the luxury of a sweet-toned piano, whence in the deepening twilight, with a dear friend by my side, my wandering chords often evoked "The light of other days." This friend was Miss F. of New York, the teacher of English, Mathematics, and Oil Painting, between whom and myself there soon sprung up a friendship which I count to this day among the most cherished of my life. She occupied a large room adjoining mine, which she shared with two other teachers, sisters from the same State. They were also extremely agreeable and pleasant company, and when the "Quartette" assembled in their rooms after school hours, with locked doors, they breathed freely, threw dignity to the winds, and gave themselves up to enjoyment, as far as circumstances would permit. Our festivity was of a very mild character, however, being limited, so far as I can remember, to the popping of corn, as we sat on the floor round the hearth, while the blazing pine logs sent their cheerful light dancing all over the wall. Those were cozy hours. But outside all seemed "stale, flat and unprofitable." I counted time by mail days, which were tri-weekly, I think. Nobody ever seemed to reach Warrenton from the outer world, and we felt completely cut off from it. Bochsa and Madame Anna Bishop, did, however, manage to get there once, (I think the cars must have run off the track, or something of the kind) and we lived on the incident for weeks. Mr. T. was, however in my humble opinion, a superior harpist to Bochsa. He and his invalid wife occupied a little two-roomed cottage, on the Seminary grounds, quite close to the school and much of my leisure was spent with them, Mr. T.'s harp and chess board being irresistible attractions. His wife, a sweetly amiable woman, (from Upper Canada, I believe,) was hopelessly ill from a spinal complaint, but her patience and cheerfulness were a sermon in them-

selves. She appeared to enjoy her husband's entrancing music as much as I did; indeed, care, and pain, and sorrow seemed put to flight by that master touch. On the chequered field, I met Mr. T. with more confidence, though my victories were always hardly won.

Though the attentions of the wife of the Presbyterian minister might have been very naturally accounted for by the fact that I was then a member of that church, they were looked upon with a very jealous eye by the doughty M. C. and his family, more especially as the Rev. Mr. G. was also the Principal of a rival Academy. A series of petty slights and annoyances aggravated my discomfort and a proposition on the part of the Principal to add to the number of my music pupils out of school hours, unaccompanied by any mention of remuneration for the extra labor, capped the climax. It was immediately answered by my resignation, for injustice and oppression ever rouse in me a spirit of the most determined resistance. My three friends and fellow teachers seemed also to have reached the limit of their powers of endurance, and very shortly after my departure, they returned together to the North. The sisters, the Misses P. also corresponded with me for some years, and I once had the pleasure of visiting them at their father's house, in Saratoga Co. N. Y.; but when the civil war broke out, (I was in South Carolina at the time) our correspondence gradually ceased. Though all my intersts lay in the North, and my dearest friends, almost without exception, belonged by birth and sentiment to that party, my sympathies, on the subject of Secession, were with the South. I never intruded my opinions but I scorned to disguise them when asked, and there were few friendships, which could stand the test of opposition on that subject in those days. The intense bitterness of spirit, displayed by Northerners and Southerners alike, obscured the judgment of many an otherwise noble and candid nature, which in calmer times, would have borne, with unruffled serenity, a friend's expression of different views. My beloved friend, Miss F., was married a few years after, to a member of the New York Bar, a gentleman descended from a highly respectable old English family. I have often visited them in their hospitable and well-ordered home, and I will only add that she has drawn a prize as well as he. They have a most interesting family, to whom I am "Aunt Carrie" and I trust ever will be.

CHAPTER THIRD.

MADISON, FLORIDA.

Having accepted an offer made, through my kind friend Mrs. G., by Mr. M., Principal of the Madison Female Seminary, I left Warrenton in May, 1853, and after a few days' visit to some distant relatives at Raleigh N. C.,

(which I enjoyed so much that I regretted not having had an opportunity of making their acquaintance earlier), I took the cars for Wilmington N. C., where I arrived on the third day, after a most tedious journey. Through trains seemed unknown in that region, and the long hours of waiting at the wretched hotels on the route, were most wearisome. I was more fortunate, however, than on my first journey from New York to Warrenton. Then I was quite alone. Now I had the company of Mr. and Mrs. D., as far as Wilmington, where Mr. D., escorted me on board the Charleston steamer, which left soon after. The weather was rough and disagreeable and the boat so dirty and uncomfortable that I was glad to leave it on our arrival at Charleston the following morning.

My friends, the Misses P., having kindly notified their brother, I found him awaiting me, and after resting at the hotel, I availed myself of his guidance to do a little shopping. I was much pleased with this cursory view of the city, of which I was afterwards a resident for several months. At three o'clock P.M., Mr. P., left me on board the steamer "Florida" bound for Jacksonville, Florida. This was a very superior vessel and commanded by a steady and experienced Captain. It seemed to me he could never have had a better opportunity for the display of his seamanship than the following night afforded. I have made many a sea-voyage since, but none I think in more boisterous weather. The rain fell in torrents, there was a strong head-wind and the pitching and tossing of the steamer seemed to my inexperience, something truly awful. I found it difficult, when apparently plunging down into eternity to believe the captain's assurance that we were in no danger. The crashing and staggering of the vessel as each great wave struck her, were not the most soothing of lullabies. Alone in my state room, I kept a light burning, and sat up all night; indeed, I would have found it almost impossible to maintain any other position. The dawn, however, broke over a smoother sea, and clearer sky. We reached Jacksonville that afternoon. It was then a small straggling town, about twenty-five miles from the mouth of the St. John's River. We had some twenty passengers on board, but I hardly saw one until within a few miles of port. They had vanished from the scene shortly after our departure from Charleston. As to myself I am happy to say that the *maladie de mer* is one with which I have hardly ever had the slightest acquaintance. Mr. M., was to have met me in Jacksonville, but on enquiring at the Hotel, I found that he had not yet arrived. This was a great disappointment. A fellow passenger, Mr. W., a lawyer returning to Madison, kindly offered his services as charioteer, but I concluded that there was nothing to be done but await Mr. M.'s arrival with all the patience I could muster. Madison is situated in the interior, 160 miles from Jacksonville; a

stage coach, running at the time twice a week, carried the passengers and mail. The stage line made the transit in thirty-six hours, without stopping, except for meals. Mr. M., was to bring his own carriage ("buggy" I found was the proper term,) and horses, and I hoped thus to perform the journey with less fatigue. The hotel accommodations were not the most luxurious ; still, the rest I enjoyed by the detention was beneficial, and enabled me to have several pleasant walks about the town. It is a pretty place, though the scenery is very flat. The balmy air of this land of Ponce de Leon, filled with the perfume of the magnolia, the oleander, the jessamine, and a thousand others,—the fragrance of its orange groves—and its delicious climate, make it the favorite resort of invalids during the winter season.

Mr. M., arrived on the third day, having been unavoid ably detained, and on the following morning at five o'clock, we set out on our long drive through the pine woods. We drove thirty eight miles that day, and I made my first acquaintance with a log cabin that night, the road affording no other accommodation. My bed-room was formed of rough, unplaned, unpainted boards, and a wooden frame, boarded over, was my bedstead, and the only piece of furniture. It gave one rather a novel sensation during the night to hear the pigs grunting under the planks, not too closely adjusted, which formed the flooring. There was no window in the room, and a dark, heavy, ragged cloth was the substitute for a door. In fact, primitive simplicity reigned throughout the whole establishment. In the outer room, which was dining-room, parlor and kitchen combined, a basin, towel, comb and brush were provided for the impartial use of the travelling public, but I did not press my claim. The breakfast was *all that could be expected*, and not very much invigorated by my first experience of life in a log cabin, I resumed my seat in the "buggy." The roads were very bad, but Mr. M..... exerted himself to the utmost for my entertainment, giving me all his history and his wife's, including their courtship. We passed the second night in a building which bore a closer resemblance to a house than anything I had seen since leaving Jacksonville, and on the evening of the third day, entering the little village of Madison, we drove through to the Seminary, which lay in the woods about a mile beyond, where, after introducing me to the Rev. Mr. A..... and family, Mr. M..... left me to return to his own residence, on a plantation two miles distant. Mr. A..... was a Baptist minister, and with his wife, took charge of the domestic affairs of the Seminary, which also accommodated a few pupils as boarders. The A.....'s were a numerous family ; two of the daughters were "finished," one or two were pupils in the academy, and there were one or two more little ones, toddling about with their attendant darkies. They were an exceedingly good

natured set, and did all in their power to make me comfortable, but their means were limited, and I soon found that the prospect was a very dreary one. The wind whistled through the large building in every direction, and from the centre on the first floor, you could look up through the rough, unpainted rafters, to the roof. The bare and scantily-furnished rooms had a most cheerless aspect. The fare was very miserable. Mosquitoes, sandflies, fleas (not to mention other vampires) abounded, and their pointed attentions were almost too much for my equanimity at times. Mrs. M....., and most of the ladies of Madison called on me promptly, and I found them, like southern ladies in general, frank, agreeable, well-bred and hospitable. But the distance from the village prevented my enjoying as much of their society as I might otherwise have done in my leisure hours, even had I not felt too fatigued for company. Mr. M..... was under the control of a board of Trustees (when not under a more potent influence) and they became more and more dissatisfied with his management or rather mismanagement. His attendance was most irregular, sometimes only putting in an appearance two days in the week, the whole burden meanwhile resting on my shoulders. To the relief of all parties, he resigned the post two months afterwards, and the Trustees immediately offered it to me for the remainder of the scholastic year. I accepted it hoping to procure the services of a friend in the North as assistant, but she was unable to come, and I was forced to rely on what assistance I could obtain in the neighborhood. At the close of the session, I received the most cordial expression of satisfaction from the Board, with a very complimentary offer of a renewed engagement, but my health was much impaired, and I determined to indulge myself with a rest in the society of my friends in the North. Before my departure, I got up a concert for the purchase of a new piano for the Seminary, and it went off with great éclat. The parents were delighted with the performance of my pupils, many of whom were unacquainted with the first rudiments of music on my arrival. I had arranged some simple little airs as duets, and they acquitted themselves so well that I felt amply repaid for all the labor I had expended on them. My old friend and fellow passenger, Mr. W., who used to come up now and then for a game of chess, was a valuable assistant to me on the occasion. I parted with regret from my Madison friends particularly the P., family, with whom I kept up a correspondence long after. I was sorry, too, to leave my pupils, whom I had ever found docile and affectionate. Southern girls are not perhaps, generally speaking, fond of study, but I have almost invariably found them intelligent and agreeable. Mr. M..... had proved as unreliable in financial as in other matters, and his debt to me remains unpaid to this day. Not having collected all the school

dues, the Trustees were only able to make a partial settlement with me on my departure, but they discharged their obligations fully a few months later. I returned to Jacksonville in the stage coach, under the care of Judge F..... whose kind attention relieved much of the tedium of the journey. There were two other passengers, also pleasant and and agreeable gentlemed. I was most desirous of reaching Jacksonville in time for the steamer, and when within a few miles of it, an accident to one of the wheels brought us to a stand-still about two o'clock A.M., my anxiety became intense. But there was no help for it and turning into a one-roomed log cabin, which the family vacated for an adjoining shed, we awaited daylight and assistance, with what philosophy we could muster. They came at last—we reached the city in time, and once on board the steamer, I breathed freely.

Returning North in December, I spent the remainder of the winter with my relations in Montreal and Quebec, and the following summer with my friends in the State of New York.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

Charleston, South Carolina.

Much recruited by my long vacation, I left New York by steamer in November, 1854, to fulfil an engagement for the winter, as resident teacher in the establishment of Madame D—— in Charleston, S. C. A sufferer for many years from nervous headache, a complaint much aggravated by teaching, I never willingly engaged for more than one School Session, a period varying from four to five months. Madame D——'s house was a large old-fashioned mansion on East Bay; the rooms were spacious and lofty, and the walls of the drawing room were hung with fine oil paintings. Indeed her daughter, Mrs. B. was an artist of no ordinary skill. Though formerly enjoying a high reputation, Madame D——'s seminary was then on the decline. This, I was told, was mainly owing to the loss of Miss G—— a teacher from the State of New York, and a lady of much energy and decision of character. A firm and consistent Christian, a thorough teacher, uniting the "Suaviter in modo" with the "Fortiter in re" she was universally beloved. In declining health for many months previously, she fell an easy prey to yellow fever, her death occurring in the country, shortly after my arrival. A younger sister, also a teacher at Madame D——'s seemed to me gifted with a full share of the attractive qualities which I had heard attributed to her lamented sister, and I soon added one more to the list of friends whose unwavering regard has ever been the source of my highest enjoyment. Miss Mulock writing on "Female Friendship" says—"The greatest of all external blessings "is it to be able to lean your heart against another heart,

" faithful, tender, true and tried, and record with a thank-
" fulness that years deepen instead of diminishing, 'I
" *have got a friend.*' A *friend.* Not perhaps until later
" life, until the follies, passions, and selfishness of youth
" have died out, do we, (I mean, especially, we women)
" cognize the inestimable blessing, the responsibility, re-
" awful as sweet, of possessing or being a friend. And
" though, not willing to run counter to the world's kindly
" custom, we may give that solemn title to many who do
" not exactly own it; though year by year the fierce ex
" perience of life, though death, circumstance or change,
" narrows the circle of those who do own it; still, that
" man or woman must have been very unfortunate—per-
" haps, as there can be no result without a cause, worse
" than unfortunate—who, looking back on thirty, forty, or
" fifty years of existence, cannot say from the heart, '*I thank God for my friends.*'' No truer lines were ever written and when I can no longer render such thanks, I pray that life may cease.

Madame D——and her daughter, Mrs. B—— were very pleasing, ladylike, and well educated women. There were about a dozen boarders, nice lively girls, with full purses, most of them come to town for the winter chiefly with a view apparently to a daily parade in King Street, the most fashionable promenade in the city. Charleston, in those days, could boast of all the advantages which rendered a residence at the South delightful at that season and the refined hospitality of its inhabitants was not the least of its attractions.

I had about ten classes, in various branches, under my charge, so that my time was fully occupied. There were many talented girls among them, and their kind remembrance of me at Christmas shewed that they appreciated my efforts in their behalf. My leisure was generally spent with my friend D—— or in the agreeable society of the Rev. Mr. W—— teacher of Natural Philosophy, and his wife and D—— and myself were ever made welcome in their comfortable apartments. Mrs. W—— had a little slave—a perfect "Topsy" who was a source of great amusement to us. Had she been Mrs. W——'s own child, I think she could not have taken more pains to secure her welfare, temporal and spiritual, and I trust her labour was not in vain.

Mr. W—— was a good and learned man, a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, of which my friend D—— was also a staunch member. This combined influence induced me to examine various works treating on the difference between the Episcopal and Presbyterian creeds, and the result was that I joined the former church. The attendance at school was much diminished in the Spring, as the warm weather advanced, most families then returning to their plantations in the country. Madame D—— sold out her interest to Mrs. L—— and retired to a small branch

school, which she had maintained for many years at Aiken, S. C., also a great resort for invalids during the winter season. She offered me a post in this establishment, but in my ignorance, I preferred to accept an engagement as resident governess in a private family from Georgia, about removing to Summerville, S. C. for the summer months. Though I had not seen Mrs. H.—(I had missed her call during her few hours' stay in the city)—her letter appeared to be that of a lady. I was told, too, that she belonged to a highly respectable South Carolina family. Somewhat rashly I determined to trust myself to her tender mercies. Never was there such a complete disappointment! The woman, with an eye of steel and heart to match, was a *Legree* in petticoats! On the very day of my arrival, inviting me to an evening drive, she and her second daughter, a girl of twelve or fourteen, composedly taking possession of the back seats, left me to sit with my back to the horses. I felt very much inclined to withdraw at once, but after a moment's reflection, I managed to curb my wrath, and look as smiling as if facing two of the most polished specimens of humanity. This little incident prepared me, in some degree, for the treatment I might expect under that roof, and on her insolent and over-bearing behaviour in the school room, the next day, I braced every nerve for resistance. She fancied she had added one more to her list of trembling slaves, but our first encounter convinced her of her delusion. She told me she had a right to the disposal of my time from the hour I rose, until I went to bed, and that she could "call upon me to sew for her if she chose!" I told her that I had not the slightest objection to her "calling" as long as she liked, but that I should very decidedly refuse to answer any such call. But I will spare my readers a detail of our skirmishes, which would be as wearisome as the reality. One of her miserable old slaves, who had charge of my room, told me one evening almost in a whisper, that no governess ever staid there long and I could well believe it. Finding me unconquerable, Mrs. *Legree* then commenced a series of petty annoyances and indignities (which I met with the haughtiest indifference) in the hope of driving me to resign the engagement and thus forfeit the salary, but I fought her three long weeks before I gave her that satisfaction. Her eldest daughter was a most interesting girl, and one whom, under other circumtances, I would have been delighted to teach. The second was a faithful copy of the mother and consequently her favorite, a distinction amply justified, I was informed, by her subsequent career. Summerville, lying about twenty-two miles from Charleston, was then a straggling village, noted more for its salubrity of climate, I believe, than for anything else. But Mrs. H——'s house stood alone in the woods, far from any other, and beyond a walk to church, I knew nothing of the place. In the last week in May, 1855, I gave up the fight, left the

field to Mrs. "Legree" (for though my spirit never gave way, my health did,) and took the steamer at Charleston to visit a relation, married the year before and residing in Jacksonville, Florida. On my return to Charleston en route, I found that Mrs. B—— enjoyed a wide spread notoriety as a Slave driving Tartar; but as I had made the engagement before my friends had time towarn me, they had thought it best to keep silent and let me judge for myself. I may here add that though I afterwards resided as governess in many other families, both North and South, I never again met with a Mrs. "Legree." On the contrary, I was invariably treated by the lady of the house with the consideration and cou. tesy due to an equal.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA.

I was very glad of the opportunity thus presented of a longer acquaintance with this pleasant town, and I became so charmed with the frank and unaffected hospitality of its inhabitants, that I resolved to pursue my vocation there for a time. I did so much to my satisfaction (and I trust to that of all concerned) for about a year, when the re appearance of that scourge of the South, yellow-fever, made a return to the North expedient. The rector of the parish, the Rev. Mr. B—— was a most zealous and devoted young Christian. In his society and that of his young wife, I found much enjoyment, and in his death, a year or two later, I lost a personal friend. My life in Jacksonville was a very agreeable one. Boarding in a private family, I reserved sufficient leisure for social intercourse, with my numerous kind friends. Sans cérémonie reunions were frequent, and occasionally country excursions were organized. One of my pleasantest reminiscences is of a visit to the family of Colonel B—— at Pilatha, a lovely spot on the St. John's River, where I remained several days in enchanted ground, leading "dolce far niente" life from which it was hard to wake. On one occasion, we formed a party in Jacksonville for an excursion of several days up the St. John's River, by steamer, to Enterprise, then a new settlement at the head of Lake George. I believe the hotel was the only building then erected. The steamboat was a very small one, only just large enough for our party. We stopped at every point of interest, and anchored close to the shore at night. Sometimes we took an evening stroll through the orange groves—now and then we waked the echoes with a song—and once or twice the gentlemen waked the alligators with a bullet. That delightful excursion ever remains "a green spot in my memory," the beautiful scenery on the river never appeared to greater advantage. With regret I left such scenes and friends, when prudence forbade a longer stay. The steamer in which I left Jacksonville in the summer of 1856,

bound for New York via Charleston, touched St. Augustine, before taking a northerly course, and thus, though the time did not permit my landing, I had a glimpse of that famed old Spanish town. A friend, Miss E. W—— one of the many pleasant acquaintances, made in travelling, which deepened into friendship—thus wrote me from St. Augustine under date October 24th 1853—" St. Augustine " is pleasantly situated directly on the ocean on a bay " and sheltered from the sea by a long low sandy island, " which stretches along the coast for several miles—but " from our upper windows we have a view of the breakers " dashing their white foam against the beach of Anastasia " island, and can hear the roar of their grand and melan- " choly music, somewhat softened by the distance. I " have been agreeably disappointed with regard to the " summer climate. Here on the sea board, although so " far South, we have no sultry oppressive heat as we often " experience in New York, and Philadelphia during the " months of August and September. We have generally " a sea breeze, and the nights are invariably cool. This " being an old Spanish town possesses many peculiarities. " The streets being so very narrow, give it quite a foreign " air, and many of the old Spanish customs are retained. " Unlike most American towns, it has many romantic and " interesting associations connected with the past. It " must have been formerly a beautiful place, and although " every thing is now touched with the marks of decay and " dilapidation, it is still very pleasant. Not the least of " the attractions here is a very agreeable and refined " society. The poor health seeking invalids from the " North are beginning to appear. They arrive in scores " every winter, hoping to find, if not that " fountain of " eternal youth " which lured Ponce de Leon so far, at " least a partial renewal of life and strength in the balmy " air of this sunny clime, where

" A leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
" And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers."

" A *little* poetic license there, I must confess, for many " of the trees and some of the shrubs are beginning to " fall into the " sere and yellow leaf " but we may talk in " prosaic truth of " a whole year of flowers," the oleanders " jessamine and roses are blooming brightly and abundantly " as ever, and do look as if they had not the slightest " intention of giving up."

After a short stay, en route, with my kind friends in Church street Charleston, I took the steamer from that port to New York, where I arrived safely after a pleasant voyage of about two days and a half. I now determined to content myself a while with the slower gains of our healthier climate, and I persevered in this resolution, teaching in Hamilton and Quebec, until the fall of 1859, when a very tempting offer led me again to South

Carolina. This was a position as governess in the family of Mrs. A— H— S——, then residing on their plantation, Rest Park, about ten miles from Beaufort, South Carolina, The family generally had been described to me, by our mutual friends, the Misses B—— of Charleston, as a most attractive one, but it was the picture drawn of Mrs. S—— especially which won me, even with my little Sommerville episode still fresh in my memory. Nor did I find the picture over drawn. A lovelier woman, uniting the virtues of the Christian with the graces and accomplishments of a highly cultivated mind, and the most winning sweetness of manner—it has never been my fortune to meet. In all the various relations of life, I have rarely seen her equal. She is emphatically a lady in every sense of the word, worthy of her lineage, and I feel proud of the friendship with which she has honored me from that date. What a contrast her happy well ordered Christian household presented to the "Legree" establishment! Here, slavery existed but in name ; there, in the sternest reality. Rest Park, so named by an English lady who formerly owned it, was an extensive though not very productive cotton plantation. There were about one hundred and twenty negroes on the estate, and under the mild rule of Mr. and Mrs. S——. I doubt if any of their race led happier lives. Comfortably clothed and lodged, never over-worked, well cared for in sickness and in health, from the cradle to the grave, I think emancipation must have been looked upon, even by the most unthinking and improvident among them, as a very doubtful blessing. I well remember, when travelling in one of those floating palaces down the Hudson a few years after Lincoln's Proclamation gave freedom to the blacks, overhearing an old colored woman who sat near me. She was contrasting the ease and plenty of other days, and the considerate kindness of her old mistress (whose children she had nursed and loved as her own,) with the somewhat different style of treatment she had experienced in the North, and she wound up with a remark, which I fancy has been echoed by many of her class, that she "*never knew what slavery was, until she was free*!" I have often seen Mr. and Mrs. S—— engaged hour after hour, in attending to the personal wants of their negroes. Mr. S——, having some knowledge of medicine, often occupied himself in preparing it for the sick, and Mrs. S—— spent many a day in cutting out garments for the women and children. Nor were their spiritual neces sities neglected. My eldest pupil taught the children every Sunday afternoon ; and Divine service, attended by both races, was held nearly every Sunday in the little chapel on the plantation Those who were industriously inclined had ample leisure for the acquisition of pocket money by raising poultry and vegetables. I have sometimes seen them returning from their work at one or two o'clock P. M., free for the remainder of the day.

Mr. and Mrs. S——, had a fine family, numbering three sons and three daughters ; the latter were my pupils and I soon became much attached to them. Very diverse in character, they were all amiable, intelligent and well-bred girls. To the second, a very delicate girl of about thirteen, I felt especially drawn. Of a deeply religious temperament, her warm affectionate nature and cheerful disposition, made her the idol of the family. She was much attached to me, and the strong bond which united us was broken only by her early death. That sweet hymn " Just as I am, " which I first heard from her lips, will ever be associated with her memory. The eldest son, a fine young man of twenty, and as perfect a model of the Christian soldier as could well be found, fell in the Confederate cause a few years later, at the battle of Chancellorsville.

But for continued ill-health——Insomnia and nervous headache having become chronic, my happiness under Mrs. S——'s roof would have been complete. With congenial society, and pleasant surroundings, life flowed on very smoothly. Close to my bed-room window an orange tree tempted me with its golden fruit, and on every side the beautiful live oaks waved their graceful branches. Mrs. S——— was a most successful florist, and the beauty and variety of her roses bore token of her skill. A beautiful arch, formed by the overlapping branches of a group of live oak trees, stood opposite the door, about an eighth of a mile distant. A little beyond the arch, and seen through it, flowed the shining Broad River. The scene, thus framed in oak, was so picturesque, that I was induced to attempt a sketch, and the result met with such flattering approval, that I made duplicates for several members of the family. Through the kindness of Mr. S— a saddle horse was often at my disposal when inclined for my favorite exercise. Sometimes we attended church at Beaufort,—ten miles off: and sometimes at Sheldon, eight miles in an opposite direction. Soon after my arrival, I was enabled, with the assistance of Mr. S——, to procure an engagement for a relation as governess in a neighbouring family, and I am happy to say that it proved a satisfactory one to both parties.

As the S——— family always spent half the year with their relatives in North Carolina, my engagement terminated in April, 1860, when after another short visit to my Charleston friends, I returned for a summer holiday to the North.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

South Carolina.

My residence with Mrs. S—— having proved so agreeable, I was very happy to accept an invitation to return in the fall. Thus in November, I found myself again afloat

bound for Beaufort via Charleston. Lincoln's election had just taken place, in defiance of the gathering clouds in the South, and rumors of secession filled the air. Blue cockades were worn by some of the gentlemen passengers on board the "Cecile" which took us from Charleston to Beaufort, and even infants of three summers were shouting *"I w'ant to secede!"* The origin of the late disastrous war is a subject on which I have neither the ability nor the inclination to enter. I will simply state that my sympathies from first to last, in common with those of most British subjects, were with the South, and that I thought the right of the Southerners to secede quite equal to that of the Colonies in 1776. That the British Government, however, was sincerely desirous of maintaining a strict neutrality is, I think, sufficiently proved by the fact that it has received an equal share of abuse from both sections.

I need not speak of the excitement of the winter that followed. Leading the van in Secession, the enthusiasm in South Carolina knew no bounds, and all ranks gave an eager response to the call to arms.

Early in May, 1861, all regular postal communication with the North closed, although letters were sent by Adam's Express for some months longer. Many Northern teachers were hurrying home from the storm, but I am not fond of running, and I concluded to hold my ground as long as possible. Therefore when the time drew near for the return of the S—family to North Carolina, I transferred my services, after a few days' rest in Charleston, to Mrs. H. L—. She was then living on their rice plantation, about twenty miles from the city, but about removing for the summer to South Island, at the mouth of the Santee River—rice plantations being fatal to whites during that season. But the change from the comforts of the plantation residence to the wretched little wooden box, half buried in sand hills, on South Island, was anything but enlivening. The heat was intense, (the thermometer sometimes rising to 93o indoors,) and the musquitoes most troublesome. My pupils, two little girls and a boy, had been much neglected and were extremely averse to study. Without being badly disposed children, they were much given to quarrelling and teasing, and the strain upon my nerves, added to ill health and personal discomfort, was no slight one. In music, alone, I succeeded in exciting their interest, and the little boy, especially, made rapid progress.

There were only about half a dozen families on the island, and the heat was too great for much visiting, but I occasionally enjoyed the society of our neighbour, Mrs. S. L—and her family. Miss M—, a young lady from Canada, who had been teaching in Mrs. S. L—s' family for sometime, was re-called home this summer, much to their regret. I had the pleasure, a couple of years later, of as-

sisting Miss M. to an engagement in Cuba, but the customs of the country and the mode of life, were too trying for her philosophy, and her stay was short.

Mr. H. L—was a well-educated and intelligent man, of quiet domestic tastes. His wife was by no means his equal in mental calibre, but she was an excellent house keeper, and held the reins with a firm hand. I had heard that she had brought her husband a considerable amount of property, and she certainly did not appear inclined to let him forget the circumstance, her use of the possessive pronoun, first person, singular, being very constant. She always supported my authority with the children, however, so that, without having much companionship—(riding was the only taste which we shared together)—we got on very amicably. But though I knew she did not appreciate her husband as he deserved, I was totally unprepared for the intelligence I received from a Southern correspondent a year or two later, that she had eloped with the Rev. Mr. G—, a young married clergyman, to whose eloquent and soul-stirring discourses I had listened with rapt attention, Sunday after Sunday, during that summer.

A fort, not quite equal to Gibraltar, perhaps, but as strong as the circumstances would allow, was erected on the island, manned by forty gentlemen, and drilling went on nightly on the beach. Now and then, I enjoyed a canter there,—a hard gallop being in my opinion a panacea for most of the ills of life, an attack of the blues included. I was glad to leave that little sandy furnace as soon as my engagement permitted, and I passed the following winter teaching in the G—family, near Gilisonville, S. C. They were a rough, kind-hearted set, but by this time the effects of the war were so severely felt throughout the country, that they could do little for my personal comfort. Soon after my arrival they were obliged to remove for greater security, to a miserable frame building, still further in the interior. There was not a whole window sash in the house, and ice formed in my room on Christmas Day, as late as ten o'clock A. M. The fare was of the coarsest description, and coming to Falstaff's conclusion, that "discretion is the best part of valour," I resolved to turn my steps Northward. I think even Mark Tapley might have surrendered under such circumstances. A young friend, K. R., then teaching in a boarding-school in Charleston, was very desirous of returning North with me, and we made up our minds that we would brave the dangers of the route. Gold being then (I think it was late in March, 1862) at a premium of twenty-five per cent, I took the advice of my friends, and left my few hundreds in the Charleston Savings' Bank to await the better times which were confidently expected. They never came, though I succeeded in recovering a portion of my funds after the termination of the war. I also left a piano to be disposed of, by my Charleston friends, and the issue was

still more disastrous, for I found afterwards, to my surprise and regret that they had invested the proceeds in Confederate Bonds! Could I have forseen that ere the termination of that struggle, gold would rise to nearly two hundred and eighty per cent., I might have had a handsome balance on the other side.

Armed with letters of introduction to the Confederate officials en route, and laden with despatches from our Southern friends to their Northern correspondents (unsealed, as they had to be submitted to the inspection of the Federal authorities) we commenced our journey. Traces of the war were visible in the desolate, neglected looking country through which we passed. Want and privation were plainly felt, but the spirit of the people seemed as undaunted as ever. At Norfolk, Virginia, the commanding officer of the Confederate Army, to whom we had letters of introduction, forwarded us, with a few other passengers, under a flag of truce, to Fortress Monroe. We were most politely treated both by the Confederate and Federal officers, and while witnessing the exchange of courtesies on board that little steamer, it was hard to realize that within a few hours they might be locked together in a death struggle. Our baggage and letters were examined by the officers of the Fort, and those among the latter which exceeded the prescribed limits, (two pages) were retained. Then we were free to proceed and joyously we sped on our way. We reached our friends safely, and for some time, flattered ourselves as being heroines on a small scale.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

Newport, R. I., and Washington, D. C.

After a few months' rest, I left New-York in June, 1862, for the summer residence of the Hon. S. G. A.———, at Newport, Rhode Island. From all I had heard of him and Mrs. A——— I was filled with the most agreeable anticip ations. They were more than realized. Their house was the abode of every social and domestic confort, and I longed more than ever for perfect health to enjoy them. My pupils were two interesting girls of about eleven and thirteen respectively. The elder, a sweetly pretty girl, was amiability personified ; the younger was a lively little sprite, brimful of mischief. A dear little girl of about three years, completed the family. A man of enlarged views, liberal education and fine intellectual tastes, Mr. A——— has made valuable contributions to the literature of his State, a History of Rhode Island being among the number. Although Mr. and Mrs. A——— were strong Federalists, and well aware of my Southern proclivities, not an unpleasant word ever passed between us on that subject, or indeed, on any other, and I look back with unalloyed satisfaction on the period of my sojourn with them.

Newport has long ranked among the most fashionable of summer resorts in the States, and an afternoon or evening drive along the smooth beach, extending for miles, crowded with bathers in every variety of costume, and thronged with equipages of every description, from the stylish four-in-hand barouche to the one-horse "buggy" seemed an unfailing source of interest to the visitors. But the drive, *par excellence*, was the Avenue, the Rotten Row of Newport, and there Fashion disported herself in all her glory.

Mr. A——— being elected to replace Mr. S——— in the United States Senate, we removed to Washington in November. Fond of quiet, the change from the charming country cottage to the bustle of Congressional life, yielded me little pleasure. Beyond its beautiful Capitol and other public edifices, I saw little to admire in that "city of magnificent distances," and the state of the streets often rendered walking an exercise requiring a considerable amount of skill. Occasionaliy I accompanied Mrs. A——, to hear the debates in the Senate, which were generally very animated during that memorable winter, when the star of the Confederacy seemed decidedly in the ascendant. Mr. A—— is one of the most kind-hearted of men; at my request, he exerted his powerful influence at Washington for the re-appointment of a near relative of mine in the U. S. Navy, and his exertions were eventually crowned with success. His hospitality was profuse, and in parties of two and three, I think I must have met nearly the whole Senate at his table. Many of them were men of marked ability, as well as polished manners, while others were exceedingly rough diamonds. I was much disappointed on meeting the late renowned Mr. S——, of Massachusetts. I had expected a Cicero, and I found an exceedingly heavy-looking taciturn man whose utterances were very much like those of ordinary mortals. But the conversation of Senator P——, of Kentucky; of Senator F——, of Maine, and several others, was a rare intellectual treat.

My dislike to Washington life induced me to lend a willing ear to the glowing accounts of the golden harvest to be reaped by teachers in Cuba, and parting with great regret from the A—— family, I left for that island in the steamer "Melita" on the 22nd March, 1863.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

Cuba.

Not remarkably "high," perhaps but still

> "On a throne of Royal state
> "Which far outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind."

sat the "Queen of the Antilles" as we drew near that bright Sabbath morning, after a week's voyage. Never shall I forget the rare beauty of the panorama which

unfolded itself as we swept past the Morro Castle into port. The palm trees on the hills, the flat roofed houses, of every imaginable colour, red, blue, green, yellow, etc., the numerous church domes and steeples, carried one back to the dreams of childhood and the "Arabian Nights." It was distance, however, that lent the enchantment; the touch of terra firma dispelled it.

But a word or two first of the voyage, which Capt. Corbett had made as pleasant as possible. On arrival at New York to take the steamer I was somewhat startled to find myself the only lady passenger, but it was too late to retreat. The stewardess, a respectable elderly woman, was, I think, the only other female on board. The officers were all Englishmen, and the frank bonhomie of English sailors, whether belonging to the merchant service or the Royal Navy, forms a pleasing contrast to the general surliness of John Bull both at home and abroad. He is a noble creature, but amiability is certainly not his most striking characteristic. The old "Melita" was not a model of naval architecture, but tolerably comfortable, and slow enough to be very safe. The Doctor was a very intelligent young man, who had lately been a captain of cavalry in the Confederate service. He was at the battle of Shiloh, and gave us many interesting incidents of the fight. He told us of men with one arm shattered, persistently remaining on the field, loading and firing with the other, of a Captain Bowen, a cavalry officer returning to the battle, with bandaged arm, a pistol in one hand and the bridle between his teeth; of Gen. Sidney Johnson, concealing his mortal wound, until within a few minutes of his death, for fear of dispiriting his men! Why such heroism should have been all in vain is one of thousand mysteries of life which the light of eternity alone can make clear. Shivering with cold, and muffled to the eyes during the first days of the voyage, garment after garment was dropped as we approached the tropics, and we reached Havana in the airiest costumes possible. The usual routine of sea life was ours. A late dawdling breakfast, a promenade, a game of chess—(a couple of players presented themselves, but they did not tax my powers very heavily)—lunch, a siesta, or an attempt at one, a little reading, dinner, another promenade, gossip, tea, whist, more gossip and then to bed. One of my antagonists at chess was a young Englishman, a Mr. B——, a brother-in-law of one of the owners of the steamer, and an exceedingly pleasant and witty youth. Well-educated and light-hearted, with robust health and a full purse, "Vive la bagatelle" appeared to be his motto. He was travelling for pleasure, and talked of visiting Canada, if it involved no risk of getting home too late for "the Derby." As soon as we came to anchor, Mr. A. B—— (an Englishman formerly resident in Quebec, and then doing business in Havana) being unable to come himself, sent a boat, with two of his clerks, to escort me on shore.

The wind was very high, and the transit was a rough one. I reached the wharf considerably drenched, and then I found that the "Queen of the Antilles" did not improve on a closer acquaintance, the streets being very narrow and dirty, and the houses and public edifices very dingy looking. I am afraid I laughed aloud when that most extraordinary looking of all vehicles—the Spanish volante —first met my sight. Hung much lower than the old-fashioned French-Canadian calèche, (which is equally a subject of amusement to travellers in our country,) the body of the volante, though considerably longer, resembles it a good deal. But its oddity consists in the pair of immense wheels projecting behind, and its long and narrow shafts. Drawn by one of their diminutive horses or mules, (the tail of the former being tightly plaited and tied up on one side) ridden by a postilion of whom you see little but his straw hat, long boots and spurs—the effect is comical in the extreme. Some of the volantes, however, belonging to private families are handsomely fitted up, and ornamented with silver, of which there is also a profuse display on the harness. These volantes are generally drawn by a pair, one horse being outside the shafts, mounted by a gorgeously-dressed postilion, in a velvet jacket, embroidered with gold or silver, a laced hat, shining black boots, coming far above the knee, and adorned with silver spurs about a quarter of a yard in length. The distance between the occupant of the volante and the postilion is so great that once en route, communication between them becomes a matter of considerable difficulty, and when the unwary stranger, ignorant of the language has been enticed into the hire of one of those vehicles, the scene becomes very ludicrous. Fondly imagining that his preliminary little jargon has established a clear understanding between his "calesero" and himself, he complacently takes his seat, and discovers in a minute or two that he is whirling away in a very different direction to that which he intended. He shouts to the "calesero" (1)—he gesticulates—but all in vain; other unfortunates are shouting and gesticulating too; the rattling of carts and carriages over the roughly-paved streets is deafening, and his conductor gallops on unheeding. Or should he finally succeed in gaining that worthy's attention, a nod and a "Si, (2) si," are the only result, as Jehu continues his course and finally lands him at the hotel, a sadder and a wiser man.

The Spanish officials at the Custom House kindly passed my baggage without examination, (a solitary spinster being free from suspicion of treason in those days), and though I had neither the passport nor the landing permit which their law requires, I was never troubled on the subject. Proceeding to the Hotel Almy, then situated in the Piaza

(1) Driver of a gig or caleche.
(2) "Yes, yes."

de San Francisco, I was soon comfortably established by the kind proprietress in a large airy room, which seemed a paradise after a week's confinement in the "Melita." Here I was soon joined by a relative, a lady who had arrived in Havana the preceeding year, and Mr. A. B—— called soon after. They informed me that an engagement at Manzanillo, in the family of Senor Don J. R—— awaited my acceptance. Manzanillo is a little country town on the south eastern coast of the island, and it was there the present insurrection broke out in 1868. Mr. A. B—— was personally acquainted with Senor R—— and thought I would have a fair chance of being comfortably situated in his family. I would have one pupil, a girl of fifteen, and they would refund my travelling expenses from New York to Manzanillo, which would be another four days' journey from Havana. As engagements in Cuba, are by the month only, (thus leaving both parties free to change after that short interval). I concluded to make the trial, hard as it was to go off alone to the other end of the island, and live among perfect strangers, of whose language I knew but a few words. But this being Holy Week, there was no steamer from Batabano until Easter Saturday, so under H's guidance and Mr. B's, I gave myself up to sight-seeing in the interior. On Holy Thursday and Good Friday, wheels are banished from the streets, and on those days alone, etiquette permits Cuban ladies to walk out unattended. We visited some of the churches, but they disappointed me. The altar of the Church of the Convent of Santa Catalina, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, was the prettiest that I saw. Taking leave of my friends on Friday night, and summoning all my courage, I rose at four o'clock the next morning, and under the guidance of good Mrs. Almy's mayor domo, proceeded to the Railroad Depot, leaving in the train at five. My knowledge of Spanish was at that time limited to a little occasional study of a grammar and dictionary which I had purchased in Washington. It was therefore with no little anxiety that I looked out for the Cuban gentleman (speaking English, and a friend of Mr. B——'s) travelling in the same direction; he had kindly promised his services in looking after my baggage, acting as interpreter etc. But he had been obliged to leave Havana by an earlier train, and he did not make his appearance until I reached the steamer at Bataban'o at nine A.M., so that I was left to my own resources during the first stage of my journey. A detailed account of that cruise along the coast would be as tedious as was the reality. It was wearisome enough to me, for again I was the only lady passenger. Eating oranges, which were strewn over the floor in the ladies' cabin in the greatest profusion, was my chief entertainment. Stopping at Cienfuegos, Trinidad and Santa Cruz, en route, we reached Manzanillo on the fourth day. My escort notified Senor R—— of my arrival; he came promptly on board, and took me to his town

residence. Outside, it looked very much like a dilapidated weather-stained old coach house, with iron-grated, un glazed windows; but crossing the threshold, you stood in a very lofty, spacious, marble-floored and elegantly furnished "sala," (1) and visions of rest in a quiet sanctum of my own, in keeping with these luxurious surroundings, filled me with eager expectancy. The Senora and her daughter Juanita, (2) gave me a kind welcome, and very much fatigued by the voyage, I was soon glad to accept their offer to conduct me to my room. There I was disenchanted at once. It was a very small one, with a bare brick floor, and contained hardly an article of furniture besides the bedstead. They cheered me, however with the intelligence that the rainy season having commenced, they were about removing to their country house, where they could give me superior accomodations. The father and daughter spoke English a little, but the mother did not understand a word of either French or English, so that when we were left together I was forced to call my little stock of Spanish into play, and after a few days, I found myself, to my surprise sustaining a conversation with her, after a fashion, our range being somewhat limited. I may add here that Spanish is a language so easily acquired that when I had only been three months in the island, I resided in a family where they understood no other, and instructed three children in the various branches of education, including music, through that medium.

Manzanillo seemed to me the dullest and most uninteresting place I had yet seen. The air of desolation and decay which pervaded the little town, was enough to depress the most mercurial temperament, but on our removal to the country, my spirits sank still lower. My friends did not wear well, in the intimacy of every day life, and their brutality to their slaves often made my blood boil. All the work of the house seemed to fall on one poor woman, and almost daily her mistress punished her short comings with the lash; on one occasion, when her arm grew weary, her husband brought his energies to the task. One day, at the dinner table, on account of a flaw in some dish, he sent for the cook, and with his whip, thrashed him then and there. One evening, as I sat on the piazza, a poor boy, with naked, swollen and bleeding back, came to implore protection from the overseer. This was the dark side of Slavery, which I now saw for the first time (my Summerville experience excepted) and the contrast which it presented to the same institution in the United States, was most striking. Here the slaves were locked up every night in a long brick building, closely resembling a jail, light and air being only admitted through narrow openings near the roof. The difference of treatment in the two

1 Drawing-room.

2 Pronounced Hoo-aw-nee-taw; the J in Spanish sounding like H.

countries is hardly surprising, for the cold-blooded ferocity of the Spanish race in all ages, renders it the last to be trusted with irresponsible power. As a general rule, however, their house servants are very well treated. The darker traits of their Spanish progenitors are fast disappearing from the Cuban character, while they retain the stately courtesy of manner and more attractive qualities of the hidalgo of the Peninsula.

A stranger travelling in Cuba has seldom other than a kind reception to record, and memory reverts, as I write, to many Havanese friends whom I would give much to see again.

These scenes at the dinner table, however, were not appetizing to a stranger, though they did not seem to affect the enjoyment of the rest of the party. At the conclusion of the meal, the lady of the house generally called for a basin and towel, and, after filling her mouth with water and ejecting it through her closed teeth over the floor, calmly proceeded to her ablutions. I found, too, that the superior accomodations promised me were all a myth, my room being most scantily furnished and the brick floor so damp that my shoes were covered with fresh mould every morning. Lizards and scorpions, too, frequently shared the apartment with me, to say nothing of the all-pervading ant. The place also swarmed so with musquitoes that while at table you were sometimes obliged to hold a veil over your face with one hand, while feeding yourself with the other. I was very thankful therefore when the end of the month left me free to make another trial in Havana. I returned by the same route, and this time I had two or three Cuban and one French lady for fellow passengers. The latter had just arrived in the country, and her horror at the customs and habits of some of the passengers (which were certainly rather startling) and the filthy condition of the cabin, where roaches about the size of small mice were running over the berths, was something very pathetic. "Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, quel pays !" she ejaculated every now and then ; and how civilized individuals could live in such a country was a problem beyond her solution.

A day or two after my return to the Hotel Almy, a very plausible gentleman, doing business in the city, but residing at Marianao, induced me to undertake the tuition of his daughter, aged thirteen. Marianao is a favorite watering-place, about nine miles distant from Havana, and communicating with it both by street cars and railroad. Mr. S——'s residence was a handsome and spacious one, and the family lived in considerable comfort. My friend, I found, was a Jew, and he soon proved himself a very Shylock too. Unfortunately for me his daughter inherited his organ of acquisitiveness, and her ideas of "meum" and "tuum" being somewhat vague, the consequences were rather awkward at times.

Various little articles, (several of which she had admired

very frankly,) disappeared from my room; a beautiful miniature on ivory, set in gold; a new fan, a couple of silk aprons were amongst the number; and as several of them were seen in her possession after my departure, I think I may set down the whole loss to her account. Finding therefore that a prolonged residence under that roof was hardly desirable in a financial point of view, I made another move, and my next essay was in a family living in a far less pretentious style, but giving promise of more orthodox views on the rights of property. They, were, indeed a kind-hearted honest set, but though possessed of considerable means, they lived in a slip-shod, higgledy-piggledy manner which often taxed my powers of endurance severely. The household was a numerous one comprising three old women, a married daughter and her three children, (who were my pupils,) one or two guests, and the usual number of slaves. There were no gentlemen in the house, the husband being absent in the North, and the family, old and young, generally made their appearance, at the ten o'clock breakfast, uncombed and unwashed, with stockings hanging down at the heels, and a suspicious air of having just rolled out of bed. The ménage generally, and the service of the table in particular, were all in the same style. Our meals were daily enlivened by the grunting of a little pig round the table, not to mention the running accompaniment of dogs and poultry, the doors communicating with the yard being always open on account of the heat. There was always a liberal supply of fruit in that house, and I revelled alternately in mangoes, zapotes, quinces, pomegranates, guava, peaches, oranges, pine-apples, and many other kinds of indigenous fruit whose names I have forgotten. But, I think, the luscious pine-apple was my favorite always—that is, when I could secure a piece which had not been too freely handled, and thus acquired a flavor not quite equal to the original. The old women and some of the younger ones frequently solaced themselves with a weed, and free expectoration, quite irrespective of time or place, was indulged in by all. My pupils opened their eyes very wide when I gently but firmly insisted that they should relinquish that practice in my domains. But good people as they were, that summer was inexpressibly wearisome to me. H—— had long since returned North; Mr. B—— was absent, and I was a stranger in a strange land, living with persons with whom I could hold no intercourse except in Spanish, and with whom I had not a single taste in common. One thing alone gave me satisfaction—the rapid improvement of the little girls, and the pleasure it imparted to the family.

A better engagement offering in the fall, I eagerly accepted it and spent the ensuing five months on a sugar plantation, near Guines, belonging to Senor Don F. D——. The estate was an extensive one, comprising over two thousand acres. The scenery was flat and uninteresting

and the roads were almost impassable for wheels. Mr. D—— had been a man of great wealth, but was now considerably involved, and though his family still lived in great comfort, the splendour of other days had departed. The house, too, kept in excellent order by a well-trained corps of domestics under Mrs. D——'s able management was a very old and inconvenient one, and the slaves' quarters were huts of the most wretched description. Mr. and Mrs. D—— were a highly educated and intelligent pair, belonging to one of the first families on the island. They were also *uncle* and *niece*, a dispensation from the Pope effectually removing any scruples which might be entertained on the subject. A grown-up son and daughter, my pupils (a girl of thirteen, and a boy of ten), with two younger ones, completed the family, far superior in education and refinement to any I had yet met with. The children were all bright and intelligent, inheriting especially their parents' taste for music. Commencing with me, M. and R soon displayed marked ability, the little boy coming out in the following year as a composer. They also took such delight in drawing, that it gave me especial pleasure to teach them.

Riding was as usual my chief recreation wherever attainable, and I found the easy canter of the little Cuban horses exceedingly pleasant. I also met with an excellent chess player in the person of Mr. Daguerre, a cousin of the celebrated inventor, and a highly polished and most accomplished man. He was connected with the D—— family, and with his amiable wife, was a guest in the house for several weeks. Mr. Daguerre told me of his having acted as interpreter for Paul Morphy at an evening party in Havana, when the latter, while engaged in the mazes of the dance and the entertainment of his fair partner, dictated the moves in eight games simultaneously, winning, I believe, all but one.

It was quite interesting to pay an occasional visit to the sugar mill, and witness the wonderful appliances of science and skill which transformed the cane, within a few hours, into sugar packed in boxes and ready for transportation to Havana. A walk through the cane fields, however, where a driver, to every half dozen, shouting, "Alza!" with upraised lash, urged on the toiling slaves, was not so pleasant a sight, and the cruel treatment of the Coolies generally throughout the island, especially excited my indignation. I came very near giving expression to it one day when a Cuban gentleman remarked at table that the overseer on their plantation always selected a Chinaman for any particularly dangerous work, his life being less valuable to the proprietor. The Chinese have no courage to bear pain and having no fear of death, suicide is of frequent occurrence among them. Providing themselves with rice and other provisions for their journey through the Dark Valley, they

deliberately put an end to their sufferings. They are very revengeful ; and shortly after my arrival on the plantation three of them way laid and killed an overseer who had ill-treated them. Within seven years nine murders had been committed in the vicinity with impunity. Knowing therefore that their lives were safe, and that escape from the country was impossible, they immediately ran to Guines and surrendered themselves to the police.

The Chinese make excellent house servants. Cleanly and intelligent, willing and obedient, they are rapidly superseding all other foreigners in domestic labor, especially in the kitchen and laundry—in Cuba, California and Peru.

The profits on these sugar plantations used to be enormous. I recollect being told by Mr. D—— that at certain seasons, every rainy day was a loss of a thousand dollars to him.

The climate of Cuba in winter is perfectly delightful, though occasionally in the country we had an unpleasantly cool night. Though my health was no worse here than elsewhere, I longed in the Spring for a breath of Northern air. The desire became irresistible, and being happily able to provide the D—— family with a substitute, I took passage from Havana to New York in the "Evening Star" a beautiful steamer. which was lost a few years later. The annual exodus to the North had not yet commenced and there were but few passengers on board. One of them, however, a Dr. Charles W—— of Philadelphia, afforded me a good deal of entertainment. It was like listening to a chapter from "Monte Christo." Apparently possessed of unlimited means, he had been all round the world ; had known and visited Byron's daughter Ada, late Countess of Lovelace, and "had kissed her often" ; had a villa at Naples, a chateau in France (I think he must have meant *Spain*) and a house in Philadelphia. He was an intimate friend of Lord Bury's, he said, and "had travelled with him in Canada." At present he was engaged (just *pour passer le temps*) in establishing a line of steamers between New York and Galway, and he had free passes on all railways. His violent abuse of abolitionists at the dinner table would have brought most men into trouble, but he said they "dared not arrest him." They were on the point of doing so once, when he was about embarking for Europe, but Seward telegraphed—"Let Dr. W—— go."

CHAPTER NINTH.

Cuba continued.

After a pleasant summer with my relations and friends in the State of New York, I was about thinking of a return to Cuba when an opportunity offering of a satisfactory engagement in a private family residing in the vicinity of my friends at Newtown, Long Island, I concluded to prolong

my stay in the North a few months longer. Beautifully situated in the country, the residence of the S—— family combined every luxury and comfort. The head of the household, a very old lady, was a beautiful exemplification—all too rare—of a graceful old age.—Sightless for many years, her calm clear judgment and sweetness of temper still made her the centre of attraction to a large circle of friends. Two married sons and a daughter, with their families, lived with her. My pupils, two little girls, were intelligent and docile, and my winter passed away very smoothly, though I there made my first acquaintance with chills and fever. It was only after I left this family in the spring of 1865, to return to Cuba, that I heard, through the public prints, of the terrible drama which had been enacted on their hearth some years previously, and was again to be rehearsed in a court of law. It awoke my deepest sympathy for the family I had known and liked so well.

On my return to Havana in 1865, and thenceforth until my final departure from the island in 1869, I pursued my vocation on a different and far more remunerative system. Residing part of the time in private boarding houses, sometimes at hotels, and at others in private families, I engaged in several simultaneously as visiting governess, giving daily lessons in some and tri weekly in others. Though I do not recollect that the thermometer ever rose in Havana above 92° in the shade, still the long continued heat made teaching, under such circumstances, very debilitating. Rising at six A.M., often after a sleepless night, I used to take the cars to the Cerro, the fashionable suburbs of the city, to commence teaching at eight. In the city I often gave my first lesson at half-past seven. Happily most of my pupils in Havana were extremely docile, but there were some unpleasant exceptions, and eight hours' daily teaching in such a climate was not calculated to leave either mind or body in the most brilliant condition ; an iron frame and constitution alone could have borne it with impunity.

Very soon after my arrival, I followed the fashion of the country, discarded hat and gloves, and adopted the convenient Spanish mantilla, made of figured black lace. In this costume, a foreign lady is less likely to excite the attention of the passers by. Still it did not always save us from their comments, and "Que linda" ! "Que bouita !" or "Que graciosa" (1) were the salutations received indiscriminately by all Northern ladies who ventured to walk out unattended. It was not pleasant, but there was no remedy ; unheeding, you could only pass on looking as much like a deaf-mute as possible.

Some of the streets of Havana are unprovided with sidewalks and in others they are so narrow that it is impossible

(1) How beautiful ! how pretty ! how graceful !

to avoid brushing the wall with your dress. Other portions of the city, the Calle del Prado, the Paseo, the Cerro, and the public parks are very pretty. The gorgeous appearance of the shops by gas-light (the whole front being open to view) the gay crowds in the piazzas of the cafés and restaurants ; and the military bands discoursing sweet music in the parks, thronged with ladies and gentlemen in the full blaze of evening toilete, some strolling about, and others lolling in their elegant carriages, sipping ices meanwhile, render an evening drive through the city very enjoyable. One street in Havana seems especially devoted to the jewellery trade, and the display at night is magnificent. As you drive or saunter along, the lofty, wide opened doors and iron grated windows reaching to the ground, leave the private residences, even to some of the inner departments, open to your inspection. Very much the same scene is presented in each ; a spacious sala, with inlaid marble floor ; a cane-seated sofa, at the upper end, flanked by half a dozen arm or rocking chairs on each side down the centre of the room, and each provided with a spittoon and footstool ; a small carpet in front of the sofa ; a pierglass and console table, a piano and a few more chairs against the wall, complete the furniture. A taste for music is universal among the Cubans, and there are few houses without an instrument of some kind. Visitors pass in and out, the rocking chairs are in full swing, (as well as the ladies' tongues,) and occasionally a cavalier removes his cigar for an instant for the sake of freer utterance. As you pass, you may have a glimpse of the sumptuously-furnished bed-room, with its gilt bedstead and elegant lace drapery, the sheets and pillow-cases being also profusely trimmed with deep lace,—the magnificent wardrobe, panelled with mirrors,—the silver basin and pitcher on the marble-topped stand etc.—But the house closes for the night and a change comes o'er the scene. In many cases the finery disappears ; two or three extra cots are brought in to be occupied by as many adults or children, and the arrangements for the night generally are of the most primitive simplicity. Mattresses are seldom met with except in hotels ; a pair of sheets and a pillow constitute the bed furniture, and the lavatory accomodations are often on an equally limited scale. In a sick room, light, air and water are usually excluded with the utmost care, and whatever ablutions are permitted to the patient are performed through the substitution of agnardiente. The perfect sang-froid with which Cubans in general, of either sex, discuss the most delicate subjects, irrespective of time or place is most startling to a stranger, and indeed modesty, as we understand the terue, seems utterly unknown to the large majority. Mothers parade their naked babies about the house, and even in the streets, in the most nonchalante manner, and among the poorer classes, boys of six or seven years of age often sally forth in the

same garb of nature. Among the middle and upper classes the baptism of a child is always the occasion of a grand festival. Friends and relations from far and near are bidden, and after the ceremony at the church, sit down to the festive board. Some hundreds of little fancy ribbons, of all hues and colours, stamped with the infant's name (which is generally Legion) the sponsors', and the date of baptism, and with a little gold or silver coin attached, are distributed among the guests. I was told that in former days, gold or silver coin, according to the wealth of the family, was also scattered among the crowd in the streets on such occasions. The "ninito," (1) even at this early stage is generally adorned with bracelets and ear-rings.

The contrast, even in many wealthy families, between the general untidiness and slovenly appearance of the ladies, during the morning hours at home, and the splendour of the evening toilette, was very striking. I have seen the same persons, slip-shod and uncombed all day, issue forth bare-headed and in ball costume resplendent with jewels to the evening Retreta, in a splendid carriage, attended by servants in handsome livery. In many, and indeed in most of the houses in Cuba, you enter through the gateway which also gives admittance to the horses and carriages, and does duty as coach house as well. I was residing at one time in the house of a Cuban—(a professional man, and a very wealthy one), where the dining-room being on the inner side of the court yard and the stable just beyond it ; the horses were always necessarily led through it, when required early for the evening drive, they were often brought through while we were still at table. The kitchen in this establishment was also under the same open shed as the stable, and the cook might have groomed the horses with one hand while stirring the pottage with the other. Among the first families, however, especially those who had been educated or who had travelled in the North, I found as luxurious and well-appointed tables as in any country. But in the large majority, the lavish use of oil and garlic rendered the fare most unpalatable to a stranger. Fresh fruit, however, was both cheap and plentiful and the "dulees" (2) were delicious. The meat and poultry were very inferior, but the vegetables were excellent and in great variety. Good fresh butter was an unknown luxury, and the milk was of the thinnest description. It must have been pure, however, for the "lechero" (3) milked the animal at your door. The Spanish Government in the "Siempre fiel Isla de Cuba" ("always faithful island of Cuba"—so termed on every lottery ticket, derives an immense revenue from the

(1) Baby.

(2) Preserved fruit.

(3) Milk-man.

said lotteries, which took place then every twenty days, but now only six times a year. They are a terrible drain on the people. High and low, rich and poor, succumb to the spirit of gambling thus induced, and thousands owe their ruin to them. The price of a whole ticket was formerly an ounce—a large gold coin, worth seventeen dollars; but a few months before my departure in 1869, that metal became very scarce, and the price was raised to twenty dollars. You could buy any fractional part, from a twentieth upward, and the slaves often clubbed together for such investments. In almost every family, I heard of some one who, at one time or another, had drawn valuable prizes, and many among the slaves had thus been enabled to buy their freedom. The drawings are conducted in a most satisfactory manner; indeed there seems no possibility of any unfair dealing. Two little boys, with arms bared to the shoulder, stand on a raised platform in full view of the assembly. A globe is placed before each; one contains the numbered tickets, the other the prizes. The highest prize amounts to one hundred thousand dollars, the second to fifty thousand, the third to twenty-five, and so on. The contents of each globe being first well stirred round through the opening at the top, one of the boys draws a ticket at random, calls out the number, and holds it up to view. His mate then draws in a similar manner from the prizes, and the ticket takes the prize. Thus they proceed drawing alternately, until the prizes are exhausted. I knew of two teachers who thus tempted fortune with success. One (Mrs. A. S. the heroine of my promissory note and watch episode detailed hereafter) had won three thousand dollars, and after my departure I heard of another who had won twenty-five thousand. I sometimes yielded to the temptation myself, but to a very trifling extent. My success, however, was not brilliant, though on one occasion I came out a winner of a dollar. I was fortunate in the numbers I selected for others and bought once or twice for a relative in the country. I remitted her a balance of about twenty dollars, if my memory serves me right.

CHAPTER TENTH.

Cuba continued.

Another attack of the fever and ague, contracted at Newtown, Long Island, laid me up soon after my return to Havana, but it finally yielded to the powerful doses of quinine prescribed by the Cuban doctor. Cholera occasionally visited the city, and yellow fever was a periodical scourge; I escaped both, however. About this time I received the news of another and heavier loss than any preceding. I had placed almost half my savings with Mr. D. J. L——, a lawyer of New York, connected by marriage with our family, and now I heard of his bankruptcy and

death! He had assured me that my money was secured on bond and mortgage and that "nothing short of an earthquake could imperil it." I had a high opinion of his integrity and ability, and I believe still that he meant what he said. But I have never yet received a cent of the money, amounting to some seven hundred dollars, though I am indulging a strong hope held out to me by his mother-in-law, that his widow will discharge the debt when she comes into her inheritance.

Sundays and the festivals marked in the calendar by a double cross, are the only holidays enjoyed by teachers in Cuba. The bodily rest of the Sabbath was most grateful, but there was little in Havana to minister to the spiritual necessities of Protestants. Though the British Consul had the privilege of holding divine service at his residence, there seemed little desire on the part of any to avail themselves of it. During the first months of my residence, I made an effort to excite a little interest in the subject amongst my few Protestant friends, but I soon found that it was unavailing. Sunday was therefore a long day to me; it was difficult to procure any reading suitable to the day, so that my chief resource was Sacred Music, with which I beguiled many an hour. In Havana it is a day especially devoted to pleasure, and feasting and revelry are at their height. The shops make their most brilliant display, and the theatres and bull-fights are most attractive. Though the ex-queen of Spain, I believe, used to grace the arena with her presence, the ladies of Havana, among the upper classes, have long since abandoned it. Indifferent Protestants soon learn to follow the tide and even the most rigid principles are apt to relax under such influences. I was shocked to find so many deists and even atheists, among nominal Christians. One of the most praiseworthy acts of the late Republic was the establishment of religious freedom in Spain and her colonies.

In the early part of the year 1866, a Dr. S———, an American dentist practising in Havana, was introduced to me by a fellow teacher, on a matter of business, and on his representations I was induced to entrust my spare cash to him and a Frenchman, a Mr. M———, whom he presented to me as his partner. They had opportunities, they said, of making money rapidly, (though I did not clearly understand what they were) and the high interest they offered, lured me into visions of speedy emancipation from my life of toil and suffering. The Frenchman was a middle aged married man, with a grown up daughter. He had also been a teacher and spoke so feelingly of the trials of my lot, adding, with many other protestations, that he "would act for me as for his own daughter," that he won my confidence completely. Sundry large piles of my Spanish gold passed into the keeping of these gentlemen, in exchange for two little bits of paper, ornamented by their respective autographs. For six months, Mr. M——

punctually kept to his agreement, and being thus assured of his good faith, I was imbecile enough to trust him with my all. Dr. S——— had also up to this time, paid the interest due, with tolerable regularity, and now, by some arrangement betw en them, Dr. S———'s liability to me, amounting to forty gold ounces, was transferred to Mr. M———. Two months passed on; two more—and a handsome independence would be mine. As I strolled on the "azotea" (1) every evening, too fatigued for a more extended promenade, I revelled in dreams of quiet rest in a modest little home of my own, ever to be shared with two or three cherished friends. I would have a cottage in the country with a view of the river, and within easy distance of the town. I could not decide whether it should be on the banks of the Hudson, or on the St. Lawrence, and finally concluded to leave it an open question for the present. A well-stocked library, and a fine-toned piano should be my first care. A croquet ground would be indispensable for my juvenile guests, to say nothing of my own penchant for the game. A housemaid, cook and man-servant, who must combine the duties of coachman and gardener, would complete the household. A low, easy carriage with a fast-stepping horse for our evening drives, was a *sine qua non*, and I long debated whether it would be possible for me to find an animal equally available for the saddle and carriage; and if not, whether I could possibly afford to keep two. My mind was considerably exercised on this point, but as there was no immediate necessity for a decision, I at last concluded to defer it. Thus wandering in dreams, I was rudely awakened one morning in February 1867, by the intelligence that the Frenchman had taken flight! Stunned and bewildered I hurried to his residence, and found it even so. His wife and daughter were there, but could tell me nothing of his movements. Apparently he had abandoned them, and they said they were almost destitute. Though I believe I was his heaviest creditor, I was only one of a dozen victims. Dr. S—— said that he lost three thousand dollars by him. For a month or two, I made various efforts to track him, and then I sank into the apathy of despair. There was a rumor about a year after, that he had died in Mexico, but no tidings of my money ever reached me.

A few months previously two of the Misses L———of Quebec had asked my assistance in establishing themselves in Havana as teachers, and after various efforts, I at length succeeded, aided by a friend, in procuring an excellent engagement for the elder, on which she entered a day or two after her arrival, and a position was secured for the younger a week or two later. They remained in Cuba several years, even after the war broke out, and their perseverance was crowned with success. Our greatest

(1) Flat Roof.

entertainment was derived from our occasional meetings to compare notes, and laugh, *if possible*, over our miseries. On my return to Havana, the preceding year, I had been accompanied by Miss M——— also of Quebec. Through a friend I had also been able to procure a situation for her within a few days after our arrival, but the sacrifices inseparable from a teacher's life in that country were too much for her delicate health, and in less than a year she was homeward bound.

In February 1868, our educational corps received another addition in the person of Miss K. R——— my former travelling companion from Charleston to New York, during the civil war. Long a sufferer from spinal complaint, she had been most anxious, a year previously, to try the effects of Dr. Dio Lewis's treatment at his establishment at Lexington, Mass. and it had given me much pleasure to advance her the means. Much benefited by his skill, she wrote to me desiring my aid in coming to Cuba, and I gave it most willingly, exerting myself meanwhile to have a situation ready for her on her arrival. In this I would have been quite successful, but for the miscarriage of a letter, a contretemps which however only occasioned a delay of a week or two. She remained in the island about fifteen months, and then returned to New York, having had the satisfaction of reimbursing me almost half the amount I had lent her.

One of the most pleasing features, in the character of the Cubans is their extreme politeness. You cannot express the slightest admiration of any article without its being at once placed "a su disposicion" (1) by the owner. The ordinary salutation from a gentleman to a lady is "A los piès de Vd, Senora" (2) or "Beso sus manos, Senorita," (3) and when writing to her, the initials, "Q. B. S. M." ["who kisses your hand"] precede his signature. Many carry their courtesy so far that their houses become yours when they take up the pen to address you, and "Su casa de Vd" ["your house"] precedes the date. Though perhaps a little embarrassing at first, you soon get used to these little figures of speech, exacted by Spanish etiquette. While in Peru, however, I recollect hearing of an English officer, who at a ball [at Rio, I think] promptly accepted a ring which his fair partner immediately placed "a su disposicion" on the expression of his admiration. A visit from her brother, however, the next day, resulted in the return of the jewel, and clearer views on the subject of Spanish politeness.

Morality is somewhat at a low ebb in the majority of boarding houses in Havana, and having moved five times in the course of one year, in a vain search for a respectable

(1) At your disposal.

[2] Literally—"At your feet madam."

[3] "I kiss your hands, Miss."

one, I finally engaged board and lodging with a Cuban lady, a widow, living in a very small house in one of the central streets. Her household was limited to her son, about fifteen years of age, and a little mulatta servant boy; the cook, also a mulatto, did not sleep on the premises, but returned to her own domicile every evening. Respectability I had undoubtedly found, but I was to pay a heavy price for it. The door or rather gate of this house opened, like the large majority, directly into the "Sala," and generally stood half open in the evening, for the free circulation of air. On the evening of the 30th August, 1868, while seated in the "Sala" conversing with my landlady, she and I being the only inmates at the time, two negroes came to the house. One remained at the door outside, while the other, a tall powerful looking fellow, in his shirt sleeves, advanced at once into the room, and asked for water. Senora O——— protested she had none, but he persisted, and assuring us that there was no cause for alarm, he passed on to the dining room, beyond. Senora O——— rose and followed him, and I immediately took up my station at the door, which alone afforded egress from the premises, ready to call in the assistance of the neighbours the moment she should notify me of danger, never doubting that she would keep her eye on him suspicious of his intentions as she evidently was. But I had reckoned too much on my hostess. Instead of watching him she quietly slipped into her own room, and locked the doors, quite content, as she afterwards said, that he should strip the premises rather than endanger her life. Hardly a minute had elapsed since I posted myself at the door, where the other kept guard also, when, wondering at the silence, I looked round and saw the taller negro striding to the door with one of my small trunks. I rushed to the encounter, met him half way in the "sala," and making a vain attempt to wrest my property from him, shouted "Salva guardia!" (1) with all my might. He drew a stiletto—(only to frighten me I suppose, for he could easily have taken my life) and I found the next day that the only damage it had inflicted was a long slash in the skirt of my dress. He struck me down with his disengaged arm; I rose at once, and seized hold again, and again I went down. By this time I was considerably excited, and so much exhausted by the knocking down process, that Pompey managed to get through the open door, before I could rise a second time. I followed him, however, in an instant and gave chase as far as the corner of the street, where my strength utterly failed. During the last moments of my tussle with the robber, my terror-stricken landlady emerged from her hiding place and looked on in perfect silence; but not a soul came to my assistance indoors or out. A man stood in the window of the opposite house, calmly

[1] "Watchman."

surveying the scene, and I passed several persons in the street as I ran in pursuit of the negro, but no one moved hand or foot for his capture. There were two or three men standing at the corner, and I tried to bribe them to the attempt, but the glittering dagger was too much for their nerves, and I never saw negro or trunk again. On the return of the son that evening, a few minutes later, he notified the nearest police magistrate, and that worthy speedily made his appearance, armed with pen, ink and paper. A few words told the story, and any officer of ordinary intelligence and activity would at once have started in pursuit, but this man evidently preferred the pen to the sword. He wasted a good deal of time and foolscap in taking down my answers to questions, which did not seem to have any very close connection with the matter in hand. For instance, after inscribing my name, he desired to be made acquainted with my age, my birth-place and religion, and when he had been satisfactorily enlightened on these important points, it was necessary that he should have a full and particular description of all the articles in the trunk. The next day, a higher official took cognizance of the affair, and the same ground was gone over in very much the same manner. Then the neighbours were called up for their evidence, but nobody had seen or heard anything. N.B.—As witnesses in Cuba are very often subjected to much the same treatment as criminals, all spectators become "*know nothings*" when called upon for evidence. From the position of the trunk in my room, and the rapidity with which the negro obtained possession of it in the darkness, suspicion fell on the mulatto cook as his accomplice. She was arrested and examined, but there was no proof against her, and she resumed her post. I estimated my loss at about three hundred dollars; the trunk contained several articles of jewellery, including a pair of gold bracelets, and several others; one or two brooches, lace collars and sleeves, books, photographs and various articles of clothing, besides my purse, which fortunately only contained sixteen dollars at the time. The *least* valuable of the contents was the run away Frenchman's promissory note for three thousand eight hundred and ninety dollars! A friend, Miss L—— then residing out of town, unfortunately participated in my loss. She had called to see me a few days previously, and on her departure, I found that she had left two or three rings on the washstand. I had placed them in that trunk for security, and they probably now adorn some dusky belle.

A month or two later, the standard of rebellion was raised in the vicinity of Manzanillo, and ere long the effects of the war began to be felt in Havana. The time for revolt seemed to me ill-chosen, for the fanatical Bourbon dynasty being expelled, the newly established Republican Government at Madrid was prepared to grant to the Cubans al

the rights and privileges enjoyed by Spaniards in the Peninsula. But the old *regime* had so exasperated the Cubans, that nothing short of a total severance from Spain could satisfy them, and "Viva Cuba libre!" is still their ery Spain, however, seems as determined to maintain her hold on this—the last and most valuable of her possessions in Ameriea. Crippled as she is by civil war within her borders, regiment after regiment is sent out to strengthen the army in Cuba. Day by Day, the hatred between the contending factions grew more and more intense, though in Havana, few Cubans were fool, hardy enough to give much expression to it. But you felt you were treading on a volcano, and incidents occurred almost daily, giving evidence that the flames might burst forth at any moment. I wrote to a friend under date "Jan. 7th, 1869:'—"An unfortunate affair took place here yesterday, which may lead to an outbreak of hostilities at any hour. A young Cuban having struck a Spanish officer who had jostled him in the street in passing, the latter drew his sword and inflicted a wound of which he died in a few hours. The excitement was intense, and the body was hurried off early this morning to the eemetery by the police. But some five or six thousand citizens assembled there, nevertheless, and they say that a request has been made to the new Captain General Dulce that there shall be a public funeral I suppose in any case of pressing emergency, foreign ladies would take refuge in their respective Consulates or on board the men-of-war in port. But you need not be alarmed about our personal safety. Provided we don't shout "Viva Cespedes!" there is no danger, I think! Those who are foolish enough to do so, are silenced by a bullet very speedily." On April 3rd, I wrote, "Within the past month four or five men were shot down not far from this house, simply because they could not keep their mouths shut!"

For the same offence, about the same time, two men were garroted. An immense crowd assembled to witness the exeeution, and a strong military force guarded the seaffold. Permission was given to one of them to make a farewell address, and in the jaws of death, he once more shouted "Viva Cuba libre!" ("Free Cuba for ever!") It fired the erowd instantaneously, and thousands took up the cry. In a moment the Spanish rifles were levelled at the unarmed mass—a bright flame ran along the line—a ringing discharge followed—and amid the shrieks and the groans of the dying, the souls of the two patriots were sent into eternity.

One evening, about the same time, there was a sudden alarm in the streets. Doors and windows were rapidly shut and bolted, and almost immediately rapid and irregular discharges of musketry were heard from various quarters of the eity, some even in the next street, amid the shouting. It was kept up for some time, and few in Havana slept

that night. The next morning we heard the cause of the outbreak. A Cuban from the "Azotea" of a restaurant had thrown a missile at some Spanish volunteers passing in the street below, on which they rushed in and discharged their revolvers at the assembled company. Many foreigners were wounded, an American gentleman among the number. Quickly reinforced by their companions-in-arms, the lawless volunteers ran about the streets, shouting right and left, and winding up with the sacking of Senor A——'s palatial residence. Senor A—— was afterwards the President of the Cuban Junta in New York. Happily he and his family had left Havana when this occurred.

Eight months of civil war were telling heavily on all classes in the island. Many families had left it and gone North, some to Florida and others to New York. Those who remained were compelled to reduce their expenses, and teachers suffered in diminished receipts. My heavy losses, too, had weakened my energy, and I no longer felt inclined to fight against the tide. There seemed no prospect of a speedy termination of the war, and accordingly I sailed on the 14th June for Baltimore, in the steamer *Liberty*. A five days' voyage brought us to port, where I was met by Mr. W. H. P——, the husband of an old and valued friend, who escorted me to their beautiful country-seat, about six miles from the city. The delights of that three weeks' visit will never be effaced from my memory. Coming from the turmoil and discomfort of my Cuban life, it was like an entrance into the Garden of Eden. And, indeed, Mr. P——'s taste, energy and skill had made a paradise of those forty acres. The whole property was most beautifully laid out; hill and dale, brooks, crossed here and there by rustic bridges, cool summer houses and noble trees diversified the scene. The house was replete with every comfort and convenience, and the happy Christian household seemed thoroughly to appreciate the blessings they enjoyed. A numerous family made the joy of this hospitable mansion, which was seldom without one or more guests; and on this occasion, Mrs. P— kindly invited my old friend, Miss T. G., then a resident of Baltimore, to join me for a few days. This return to the comfort and security of northern life, and, above all, the society of these two loved friends, was most grateful to my wearied frame. Life began to take a different hue, and very soon I found myself on the croquet ground once more. As two elder daughters were charming girls, and bid fair to be worthy of their mother. There were two younger ones also, a most lovable little pair, and three fine boys. On my journey to New York, in July, I had the pleasure of Mr. P.'s company and that of his two elder daughters; and there I parted from them with the greatest regret. During the three following months which I spent with my friends in the State of New York and Connecticut, I was most anxiously awaiting remittances from Cuba.

Being unable to obtain payment of all my dues on leaving Havana, I had entrusted my papers to a young American lady, Mrs. A. S., a widow who was also supporting herself by teaching, and who had lived three weeks in the same boarding house with me. She had seemed to me a person of excellent principles, thoroughly amiable and trustworthy, and when she promised to look after my interests to the best of her ability, my mind was at once set at rest. One of the papers was a promissory note signed by Senor C——, of the Bank of Commerce, in my favor, for Three Hundred and Thirty Dollars, with interest payable monthly. At that time I happened to be the owner of two watches, and shortly before leaving Havana, knowing my wish to find a purchaser for one of them, Mrs. S. informed me that a friend of her's would take it if I did not require cash payment. I replied that I was in no immediate need of the money, that her friend, whom she represented as the wife of an engineer officer, could have the watch (a very pretty gold one, and an excellent time keeper), and I would await the payment until the first two months' interest on the promissory note became due, when she could remit the whole amount by cheque. All this she promised most faithfully to do, and I left for the north most thankful to have found such a friend, for neither of the Misses L—— were then residing in the city, and my other friends had already departed for New York. I expected the first remittance about the end of July, but August passed and the silence was unbroken. Finally my repeated enquiries drew an answer from her, informing me that the first two months' interest had been duly paid by Senor C——, and remitted to me in gold by a private opportunity—(a lady going to New York,) but that the watch had not yet been paid for. Nor did I ever receive a cent for it, and with the exception of a cheque for about twenty-seven dollars, U. S. Currency, no remittances from Mrs. S. ever reached me; I wrote and wrote, but in vain. Finally I ascertained that Senor C—— had paid the note when due, principal and interest, to Mrs. S.; that she had got into difficulties and left for New York. Beyond that point I lost all trace of her; and yet to this day, when I recall to mind that sweet, innocent-looking face, I can not believe that she meant to wrong me.

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

A FEW REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE WAR IN THE UNITED STATES.

Throughout the war I continued to have the satisfaction of hearing, from time to time as opportunity afforded, from my valued friend, Mrs. A. H. S—— of South Carolina. Her letters are rare models of epistolary style, and the contributions of her graceful pen are among the most treasured in my collection. But apart from their literary merit, the stirring scenes amidst which they were written

give them a peculiar interest, and I am sure she will pardon the liberty I am taking in sharing some extracts with my readers.

Rest Park, S. C., August 23rd, 1861.

..... Have you never remarked in your own experience, that we sometimes bear two or three trials better than one ? When C—— had been sick a month, and was just sitting up a little, we were much startled one day by hearing that P—— was downstairs. Of course we suspected directly that he was on his way to Virginia and so it proved. He had met at Grahamville an old college friend who was "recruiting" for Gregg's Regiment, and had enlisted without waiting to consult us (which was certainly most prudent) and after a three days' visit he was off! At first it seemed to me more than I could bear, but my attempts to "be careful for nothing &c.," have met with some success, tho' I do not pretend to cheerfulness yet. Well, our troubles still increased. We brought only Peg (1 and Charlotte (2) up this year—the latter very ailing—and about a fortnight ago she was taken sick and was quite ill for some days—dangerously so—and tho' better now, can scarcely lift her hand or speak six words together. Her recovery is still *very* doubtful. You who never *owned* one, cannot know the anxiety and responsibility we endure on these occasions I must not conclude without a word on politics. The ladies here have been very long working for the sick and wounded. Our clergyman, Mr. R——, called a meeting *before* the great battle on hearing of the hospital wants. About twenty-four ladies subscribed seven hundred dollars (a part of which was spent in materials and made up immediately) and gave besides stores from their own supplies which filled seven boxes. Eight dozen bottles of wine, cordials &c., formed one item. I had nothing to give in this line except the white sugar I brought up for preserves. My sewing machine, however, did good service on the work. Amid our joy and thankfulness for the victory we gained at Manasses, were mingled much sympathy for friends or acquaintances who lost their loved ones on that bloody field. Gen. B——'s sisters, and indeed his whole family, we have known intimately since our childhood. Col. J—— was for years our neighbor at Rest Park. Mrs. H. A. M—— of this community lost a son, invaluable to her, aged thirty two. Dr. H——, a much esteemed physician of Asheville, lost a son, younger still ; but he was pious, and the poor mother, though sick in bed, is calm and resigned. Oh, what a cruel wicked thing is this war ; and what do they expect to gain by it ! Nothing that I can see, but to turn the starving poor from their doors to ours. But they will

[1] The devoted old nurse.—C. E. H.

[2] The daughter of Peg, and an excellent nurs -maid.—C. E. H.

yet demand a fearful retribution, I trust, from the true authors. Mr. H——, of the privateer Savannah, now in the *Tombs*, is our cousin—a gentle, quiet, useful man. Do tell me what you do about *letters* now. (1) I see offers to carry letters via Louisville, but at a monstrous charge. We are anxiously looking for Beauregard's next movement. P—— is in H——'s company, Gregg's Regiment, now at Richmond

South Santee, January 31st, 1862.

..... We left our quiet retreat at Summervilel (where we had spent three weeks with the G's) and came here on the 5th December, and here we expect to remain if not driven off by an invasion. Tom has a troop of horse [90] encamped, with three companies of infantry, at the sea shore, seven miles off, and a picket nearer still, to give notice of any danger; but I think we are too insignificant to provoke an attack. The rice is going rapidly to the city, and there could be no motive but the destruction of property. My father was at Pinckney Island during the battle at Port Royal; left it the next day and only escaped Fort Lafayette by *half an hour*, for before he embarked to leave, the Yankees had landed on the other shore and asked for him by name! He moved all the negroes from the Island to the main, whence, the next night, they returned by stealth, carrying those on the main back with them—300 in all—not one of whom has ever returned. They asked a year ago "if it was true that a Mr. Linkhorn was going to make them free." Papa had just given them a large supply of excellent wollen cloth, a great satisfaction to counsin H—— now. Mr. S—— [2] went immediately to Rest Park, and moved away the furniture, but found the negroes so unwilling to leave their houses, that he gave it up. The cattle were driven off and sold to the Quarter Master, which gives us a little money for present use. The crops were *much larger* than we ever made before! The provisions he gave to the negroes and was moving the cotton to the main, when the Yankees suddenly appeared at *Rest Park* in large numbers, and took possession of the house and negroes, and everything else. This was on Sunday, the 8th December. They immediately commenced making a fortification at the landing, and often amuse themselves by shelling H. S——'s house. But "the worst of my tale is yet to tell." I had allowed *Peg* to go to the neighborhood to see her family, and Mr. S—— carried her over to spend a few days, intending to remove them *all* (the house servants, I mean and her family particularly,) on *Monday* to Mr. P——'s plantation—but

[1] I was then at South Island, South Carolina.—C. E. H.

[2] The husband of the writer.

alas ! he was twenty-four hours too late, and I have now the care of C——— and the little boys *without Peg*. This is by far "the unkindest cut of all" and one that I become daily more sensible of We have found planting so unprofitable, that should the government idemnify planters for their losses, I believe we would be richer if we never saw the *field* negroes again. Meantime we must only wait patiently the issue and hope for the best. It is rather aggravating to think of those wretches cutting down our precious oaks—wearing camellias in their button holes, and sitting (I had almost written *spitting*) at our very hearth stone—but our cause is in the hands of a just God, and I never doubt the event for a moment.

Here my father has a grand old house—my family inhabit one wing, his the other, and the middle is left to itself, Mama feeling so uncertain about our stay that she has never fitted np the drawing room this winter. The house was built by Mrs. R. M. after the revolution, and is only too grand for the fortunes of her descendants. There are old-fashioned shrubberies around the house, and in it (what you will be interested in) quantities of old letters from Washington, Jefferscn, Lafayette, *Tarleton* (about his taking Grandmother M——'s horses) and innumerable others ; my Grandfather's credentials to the Courts of St. James and Madrid, beautifully written on parchment, and signed by Washington—and all sorts of antiquities, down to China shepherdesses on the mantel piece. I am indeed fortunate in having a place of refuge with my parents, instead of having to board or keep house *on nothing*. Wild ducks abound here, and the deer only want some one to hunt them. Even camellias are sent to us constantly by a neighbour, and M—— has abundance of violets in bloom P—— got a furlong and paid us a flying visit about 1st December ; went to Rest Park, and rode into Beaufort one night (attended only by George) saw no Yankees—indeed nothing but empty houses and slamming windows—returned to Suffolk, where, at last accounts, they were under marching orders for Pamlico, to meet Burnside. But they have lost Gregg, and with him (they say) half their value in the field. M—— was at Cousin H——'s during the fire—moved to the R——'s with her, and was again burned out ! Twice in one night ! Strange to say, Cousin H—— does not mind the loss of the old family mansion near as much as we do.".....

Flat Rock, N. C. January 6th, 1863.

..... Our home at Santee is not considered safe for ladies now. There was a gun-boat expedition up the river during the summer, when three hundred negroes were carried off from our nearest neighbor's, the house and all the buildings burned ; and a party had actually

reached our house (no doubt for the same purpose) when the sound of firing in the woods changed their course. Tom and his troopers had arrived in time to save it, but did not catch the destroyers; after exchanging shots they made the best time for the gunboat. A piece of artillery was brought and fired on the boat from our shrubberies, and in return they shelled the place, but only injured one of the brick arches which supported the Portico. Next to the invaders, the negroes made the best time, having run up the river so fast that a mounted man could not overtake them! The fact of the boat having been fired on from our house, will no doubt ensure its destruction if another raid is attempted.....So that we really are living in times of "much tribulation." God has put us in the furnace but not abandoned us there, and when His ends are accomplished, and He sees fit to remove His chastisements of sickness and war, I trust we shall come forth a "a peculiar people, zealous of good works." But you will want to hear particulars about your friends. It is rather dangerous to begin with P——, (1) as I may get no further, but I will venture. He has been safely through the whole campaign, often in the heaviest fire, and had bullets through his clothes, but I am most thankful to say was perfectly unharmed. He is in Jackson's army, A. P. Hill's Division, Gregg's Brigade, 1st Regt. S. C. V. Our success at Fredericksburg is dearly paid for in the loss of Gregg. P—— writes "we feel like orphans." At Manasses, Gregg's Brigade *alone* resisted three attempts to break through the line, made each time by the Brigades of fresh troops. Many more were made after they had reinforcements, but all in vain. They were terribly reduced; and on the second day when P—— was in command of the company, it consisted of *ten men*. The shout of victory, he says, was the finest music he ever heard, as it rose and swelled and swelled for miles along the line. After Sharpsbug, Jackson ordered promotions to fill vacancies, and P—— was the first selected in his Regiment, for "gallantry and meritorious conduct, from Chickahominy to Sharpsburg." But he declined rather than leave his company; and so is second Lieutenant still. The officer who has been in command of the regiment most of the campaign, lately met some friends of mine in Columbia, and spoke of P—— in the handsomest manner, not only for his conduct in battle "When he had watched him in such showers of bullets that he expected every moment to see him fall" but for his general conduct, saying he was "extremely beloved" and "a model of a Christian soldier." Now if that was not enough to make a mother happy, what could do it!

One of the most curious effects of the war is that the cows give so little milk; that butter has long been as

[1] The writer's eldest son.

rare as black tea on our table. However, we all glory in our privations, and wear homespun and course leather shoes with much more pride than we felt in silk and French gaiters (now twenty dollars per pair.)

I hope the victories of Fredericksburg and Murfreesboro' (which news just comes to us to-day) will help to bring on peace. Have you seen Timrod's beautiful Christmas Hymn? Peace is its burden

We have many military heroes in our army. Lee is not only a General, but a splendid-looking man, of most polished manners, modest and courteous; and a member of our Church. He has lost his sweetest daughter lately. Jackson is a rough specimen, but devotedly pious, and idolized by his men. Would you have suspected him of disguising himself in the day of battle? Yet so he did, at Fredericksburg, where he came out so fine in a new uniform that his own men did not know him at first. When they did, you may be sure they made the welkin ring, as much perhaps from *fun* as enthusiasm—for there is a great deal of fun going on among the "ragged rebels" always. Of course we are delighted at having our favorite hero (Beauregard) in Charleston again. Some people are, however, getting out of patience at being kept so long "expecting the attack." Where are those Ironclads? Strange to say, we see as many extracts from the New York "Herald," "Tribune." "Times" &c., in our papers as we ever did! The groans of the last over Fredericksburg were indeed lamentable. Lee is reported to have said that he "would give all the dead and wounded Yankees to have Gregg back." And Cobb too—one of our "Brothers Cheeryble!" The North has no uch men to lose

A few months later, my friend's heroic son laid down his life also on the battle field. The faith of the Christian mother and the noble character of her son are so beautifully exemplified in the following letter that I cannot withhold it.

FLAT ROCK, N. C., July 29th, 1863.

..... I would have replied at once to your first letter (of the 10th April) but *could not* make up my mind to communicate such *dreadful* news as I have to tell. My hand seemed to refuse to write it, but now that another letter has come, I can no longer defer writing, even though it be to tell you that my "first born," my joy and hope, has poured out his precious life-blood on the battle field! He fell at Chancellorsville, on the 3rd of May, being killed instantaneously by a rifle ball through the head. A friend who left the field (wounded) a few minutes before, describes him thus—"He was standing at the head of his men, cheering them on by word and example. He was pale

from all he had gone through, but calm and firm as a rock; his eye shone with Christian hope and courage, and he even smiled as he grasped my hand." They had just stormed one of the enemies' breastworks, and he was resting a moment behind it, when the fatal shot came. The Captain sent an ambulance with all that was left of my child, to the surgeons in the rear (one of whom was a most devoted friend) and these, with the chaplain and commissary [loving friends both] did all we could desire—cut off some of his hair, buttons &c.,—and buried him that night in a temporary grave "under an apple tree, which was in full bloom, the moon shining on it." The Chaplain read the service—they laid him down wrapped in the oil cloth he had so often slept on before—and turned away repeating to each other the lines on "The Burial of Sir John *M*oore." Was it not singular that on the very day these particulars came to us, I should have picked up a copy of those lines ? And that on the very day he was laid under the apple-tree, I should have been admiring the apple blossoms which some loving hand had placed on Mr. R——'s grave ? Yes our beloved friend and pastor has too "gone to his reward" and the Rev. Mr. D—— has his place (I cannot say *fills* it—no one could do that). Just three weeks after the battle of Chancellorsville, C—— having gone on and brought the remains in a metallic coffin, they were interred here—wrapped in the flag, and covered with laurel wreaths and flowers—and I scarcely ever visit the spot without finding some such tributes there." "the cross and the crown" being the favorite emblems.

When I last wrote to you, I was in the confident expectation of seeing P—— soon;—it seemed certain he would get a furlongh in the course of the winter. But the Captain and First Lieutenant ere engaged on other duty for *months*, and P—— was left in command of the company. When the Captain returned, Jackson forbid furlonghs,—it being spring,—so P—— was entirely disappointed. I was already out of spirits—first from Mr. R——'s death in January, then that of my uncle, Mr. W. E—— in February —then Mama was so unwell that Papa carried off M—— and herself to spend the rest of the winter and spring in Abbeville on the plantation (a milder winter climate than this) so that we were more solitary than usual—and when this disappointment came, I was terribly depressed. I think now I must have had a foreboding that I should see him no more. But I have alluded to this in order to give you an extract from one of his letters. After telling me all hopes of a furlough were gone, he proceeds thus— "The prospect is dark. Another summer of bloody work and great hardship is dawning upon the army of Northern Virginia. It has been my earnest wish and prayer that I might be allowed to see my dearest mother before being hurled again into that sea of destruction and death, from which so many never return. That much desired comfort

and pleasure has been denied me, and as a Christian and patriotic soldier, I cannot repine at my lot. Believe me, my dear mother, my faith in the God of Battles and Father of mercies, though weak,—oh, so weak!—is sufficient to carry me through all the dangers and trials in store for me with calmness and fortitude. More than one battlefield has taught me there is no help in man, and thank God ! I know where to look for it."

Do you know that when I first read this passage, I felt a *sharp pang*, as the thought shot through my brain that he was ripe for the Kingdom of God. It seemed as if he had passed me so far in submission to God's will, he would soon leave me altogether ! And so it proved. In a previous letter he had said—"Hearing of P. H——'s death makes me think my turn may come next, and in that case my chief concern is my dear mother ! How she will grieve ! If I could only think her grief would be rightly tempered, how much less would the results of the battle be dreaded !"

After the spring had commenced, he was sent to Richmond on business, and not having crossed the camp lines for eight months, the visit was a real treat. Mrs. M—— saw him then, and tells me he looked "robust, blooming and handsome," and was in excellent spirits." He spent an evening with the Rev. R. W. B—— and wife, and enjoyed it greatly. (Both these have since joined him in "the better land," as well as his heroic commander "Stonewall," under whom all his battles were fought). His last letters, written after this visit, are as cheerful as possible. The very last is dated "In the trenches, April 30th," and is full of soldierly enthusiasm in view of the coming battle. It concludes thus—"The batteries are opening and the men falling in ; *so good bye.* Have no fears for me, for I fear nothing for myself. My trust in God is always strong enough at such time as these to keep me cool and confident." These were his last words to me. Among the many letters of sympathy we have received (and they are over sixty), those which have given us most comfort have been from his young companions, for they all bear the most decided testimony to his character in every aspect—religious, moral, soldierly and affectionate. It is no small proof of the hold he had on their hearts, that six or seven young men, mostly *entire strangers to us,* should have written voluntarily to express their feeling for him. I will make a few extracts from an obituary written by his Captain (a noble young man who has since fallen at Gettysburg). "To a person and bearing which were striking, he added a character in which piety, purity, and a joyous brilliant good humour commanded respect and esteem while it attracted love and affection. He was brave—nobly brave !—brave as a man can be, who has committed his soul to God, and given his life to his country. We have seen him face the stormy front of battle with a brow as clear and a smile as bright as when he

cheered the weary march, or changed the heaviness of the bivouac into song and merry laughter. He truly was a Christian gentleman and soldier. Zealous in the service of his God and country, he was taken by the same hand which before had shielded him from harm in many battles. He fell in the hour of victory—he fell a victor, to rise more than conqueror." One more extract I must make; it is from a letter of one of his University friends, a Virginian, to a cousin of mine. "P.'s death was the greatest blow I have received since the war began, except that of my mother. What a beautiful example we have lost in this gentle hero! What a high-toned gentleman he was! What a pure hearted Christian soldier! Aye, as pure as a woman, and as modest as he was brave; P—— came nearer to my ideal of truemanhood than almost any one else. There was mingled with my warm love for him the highest reverence for his purity of character."

Another army friend says "he was the finest young man I ever knew. During the two years we lived together in camp, I never saw him do anything he ought not to have done, or heard him say a word to be repented of. Always attentive to his religious duties, he was, of late, specially devout, constantly reading his Bible, and often singing hymns with the men whose affectionate regard for him was great. He received the communion the Sunday before his death."

Thus you will see, my dear friend, that if our sorrow is great, our consolation is also great. When the first great agony was over (we saw it in the papers first, and I was in bed for two days after), I was really surprised to find how I could bear it. Life of course, looked very differently, but I felt we had such cause for thankfulness in his *life* and in his *death* (almost without pain), and such a "sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection," that it would be most ungrateful if thankfulness did not temper sorrow.

Cokesbury, Abbeville District, S. C.,
August 4th, 1865.

My Dear Miss H.

Although I sent you a letter lately by Mr. H—— (by whom I hope to receive an answer), yet, as another direct opportunity offers to New York, I will send you another sheet. Dr. N——, who carries this, will return in a short time, and I shall ask him to write his address on the back of my envelope, so that you may reply by him also. Mails, we have none, and I very seldom see a newspaper, yet we hear frequently from our friends by private opportunities. So much for being on the Rail Road.

Living in New York, amidst wealth and luxury, you can scarcely imagine our condition here. Privations which we

bore with the utmost cheerfulness when we had independence before us, now press heavily. The awful crash in which our cause went down, was so sudden that there was no time or opportunity to provide against loss—indeed, we were too much occupied with our country's losses to think about money—and the twenty thousand dollars we had in the house in Confederate bonds, etc., is now waste paper. Of silver or greenbacks we do not own *one dollar*, and shall not unless we have some cotton to sell in November. But tho' we miss many of what we formerly considered *necessaries*—and a cake of soap, or a spool of thread is now a *magnificent* present (I have lately received such)—yet I am thankful to say we are always provided with food and raiment, and I feel quite satified God will not let us want. Most of the sum I have mentioned belonged to Mr. S. 's sisters, who are left quite destitute. S—— is now doing their own washing and ironing. I don't know whether she repents now her cruelty to a score of lovers. One advantage in our sudden beggary is that people have to work so hard they have no time to brood over our sad, short history and downfall. Some of our first young men are driving wagons (where the railroads were destroyed by Sherman) and supporting their mothers and sisters in this way. Some are ploughing—some teaching —some keeping stores. My nephew C—— has got a place as Tutor in Abbeville village, near us; and a Miss B—— is governess there, more fortunate than her sister, who is cooking for a family of motherless nieces in Sumter. But poverty is less trying than the humiliations we have had to endure. Hatch is considered ready to do whatever will make the U. S. Government *most* odious to us, and, of course, the sending of negro troops among us stands pre-eminent in the list. On the very day I sent you my last letter, a negro company arrived at Abbeville, C. H., another having been left at Edgefield—places that were *perfectly quiet.* But they had escaped pillage from the Yankees in the spring, so I suppose this infliction was to make all alike. Their appearance immediately drew crowds of negroes from their work to visit the village, and these visitors were treated by their sable champions to *a ball.* Any negro who chose to complain of his or her master, was listened to, and *white* men, escorted through the streets by *negro* soldiers, were fined and imprisoned by the captain, on negro testimony. The fines, I suspect, went into *his* pocket. After many weeks' endurance the citizens succeeded in getting them exchanged for a *white* guard, but before leaving the blacks shot one of the latter in a private gentleman's entry, and went off unpunished. In Charleston, they do not escape so. My brother writes that collisions between the white and black troops are of daily occurrence, and that the latter always get the worst of it. Poor wretches! seduced to a course they would never have entered, and then shot down by their quondam

friends! My brother found George and *Peg* in Charleston —the latter delighted to hear of us, and has sent me some long cloth left with her before the war! I fear George is too thriving to return to us as a servant. He plants on James Island with two hired hands! Some negroes have gone off to seek their fortunes, leaving young children to be supported by their former owners. One of our richest and proudest families was so treated in Columbia. Only one old woman remained to do house work, and these children have since had *small-pox* and been nursed through it by their late owners! Soon after Sherman's army had passed, a farmer riding in their track, saw some living things huddled up in a fence corner by the road side, and going up, found fourteen little negroes, all very young, keeping warm by squatting close together. Their mothers had carried them off in following the army, and finding them unable to keep up, preferred leaving them behind to parting from their new protectors. The farmer got persons in the neighborhood to share the children among them for humanity's sake. One hardly regrets to hear that these mothers were probably among the hundreds drowned in the Catawba, when, deserted by the Yankees, they attempted to follow them on some miserably-constructed rafts. One circumstance that occurred at Pendleton was so singular I must mention it. About the 1st May, a raiding party went there. Turned from the village by some determined young men, they visited some residences around for pillage. At one of these a Yankee soldier used such *dreadful* language in presence of the family, that Mr. A—— (a Presbyterian minister) reproved him, and told him that God would never prosper him. The wretch replied that "he feared neither *God*, man, nor devils." They then took their departure, and as this miscreant was mounting his horse at the front-door, his own pistol went off and killed him instantly, the ball passing upwards, through the tongue which had just uttered those words, into the brain! This story is so remarkable that I would not believe it till I had the testimony of my brother and another minister to its truth.

When I said that we had not a dollar, you must not suppose that we never get anything. *Trading* is the custom of this country. Most of the refugees have eaten up old clothes enough to kill ordinary people. I am now having homespun dresses woven for our use next winter, for which I am to give an old calico dress and a mantilla. I sent you a piece of M.'s last homespun. It is as warm as merino, but too heavy for any but a very cold climate. Many persons live by exchanging the wool from their mattresses with the country people for food. We, who are on a plantation, have less trouble of this kind, as we raise corn, bacon, vegetables and poultry, and have lately had a present of some brown sugar (what luxury!) from a refugee whom we had befriended. Lights are perhaps our greatest

want. Lightwood is very pleasant in winter, but not in summer. We hope to get a lamp going in the parlour by winter. Moonlight nights are a great help to us . . . A Mr. B——, of our village, lately went down to Charleston to claim his house. He found it occupied by a Yankee, who refused even to let him sleep in the piazza. Finding his former cook was living next door, he took refuge with her and was *hospitably* treated, as is universally the case. The Yankee proceedings have been more injudicious at Santee than elsewhere, and idleness, pillage and vagabondism have reigned supreme. On the whole, however, the negroes who have escaped contact with the Yankees, have behaved remarkably well. We are to have a negro wedding to-night, and have just given out our last dried apples to make citrons for the cake, but our *trading habits* have so reduced our stock of old finery that we cannot fit out the buxom bride as we would like and as she deserves. A present of *turpentine soap* for toilet purposes to both parties, was, I assure you, most gratefully received.

"Stone Wall," near Hodge's Depot, Abbeville,
February 9th, 1866.

. None but those who have been without lights for months and months, can know how delightful it is to have a good lamp which really seems to diffuse as much happiness as light. We are, I am thankful to say, *paupers* no longer, having sold the place on which we live for a sum which will enable us to pay our debts here (debts contracted to support the negroes!) and leave a small surplus for ourselves. After that is gone, my brother, Capt. P——, hopes to make something for us at Santee, where our negroes have consented to work on shares, and we may one day recover Rest Park, or get paid for it. The future I leave to God. We have been too wonderfully provided for during the war for us to doubt Him now. The manner in which the refugees from the coast have been fed and clothed seems to me almost as miraculous as the way in which the Israelites were provided for in the wilderness. My sister and niece are both now enjoying the prospect of a visit to the coast —the former to stay a month or two with some very dear friends in Savannah, and the latter to pay what will probably be a *last* visit to our aged cousin, Miss P——. She seems failing fast now, having lately celebrated her *ninetieth* birthday. The reverses she has seen appear to us greater than any other persons. Aafter a life of affluence, deeds of charity her daily employment (for so she spent her income), she was reduced from the possession of three or four thousand dollars' worth of property to such destitution, as to receive with gratitude a daily donation

of *two loaves* from a grateful baker. If any one had predicted this in her father's lifetime, I doubt if he would have found a single individual to believe him. Ours *not* being a commercial basis, property has always been far more secure than at the north, and these cases of reverse of fortune are new to us. I am truly sorry to learn that you have shared our losses to such an extent. My brother did not seem to consider the Savings Bank *ruined* by any means, and said the longer they delayed the more they would pay. One of his daughters has a small sum there. Perhaps you, like myself, were too much disposed to look for a period of *rest* in this world—whereas we must all learn to look for it in another, and be content to work and strive all our days, if, at last, we shall be counted worthy to enter into *that rest.* As Mr. R—— once wrote to us on a far more serious occasion, "so prone are we to *root* ourselves *here*, that God is obliged to be *constantly passing the knife around us* if we were ever to be transplanted to another sphere." He applied this to the death of our friends, but it is also applicable to the breaking up of our plans in life, the loss of our homes, &c. . .

South Santee, Jan., 17th, 1870.

. A sad event for us has just occurred here in the breaking up of the only family in the neighborhood with which we were intimate. They lost their negroes by emancipation, and after trying to make something out of their lands with free labour for four years, have given up the effort and resigned their paternal home and lands to creditors. This is the history of hundreds who have not, like these friends, relatives elsewhere able to shelter them.

McClellanville, S. C., April 19th, 1875.

. Another "contrast" was brought to my mind very forcibly a few weeks ago. A Mrs. S——, of Edisto, whose *garden* cost $70,000, now lives in the Confederate Home, where she has a room free of rent, but must feed herself. Her plate being exhausted, she does coarse work to buy food, and a lady lately met her carrying home a small parcel, which she showed her. It contained a slice of bacon, which, with hominy, was to be her dinner!

It is very discouraging to find that ten years after the war we are still so poor. Our miserable State Government, supported by "universal suffrage" or niggerdom, is the cause.

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

CALIFORNIA.

The continuance of the war in Cuba, and the consequent financial distress, caused me to abandon all idea of returning to the country, and having received from various quarters, the most favourable reports of the encouragement offered to teachers in California, I sailed from New York in November, 1869, in the Pacific Mail Steamship "Alaska" one of the finest of the line, bound for Aspinwall. The weather was fine and we had a pleasant party on board. I was especially fortunate in my room-mate, a Miss F. from the State of New York, a most agreeable and intelligent lady, going to join a married brother in Virginia City. We reached Aspinwall on the eighth day, and a few hours' journey by rail took us across the Isthmus to Panama.

Aspinwall is a flat, uninteresting little town, and the glimpse we had of it induced no desire for a longer stay. Our trip across the Isthmus was more interesting. The vegetation was most luxuriant, and the scenery often very pretty. We could hardly say as much for the spectacles presented at the different stations, en route, where the dark colored natives of both sexes, in the scantiest of drapery, (the juvenile males entirely dispensing with it,) gathered round the cars with their tempting fruit. The Railroad terminus was close to the wharf at Panama, and as we left almost immediately in the steamer which was awaiting us in the beautiful Bay, (which ranks next to that of Naples, I am told,) we had only a glance at the old town. Touching at Manzamillo and Acapulco on the Mexican coast, we reached San Francisco on the fourteenth day from Panama. As we entered the harbour through the Golden Gate, the view was magnificent. The city enjoys a most commanding situation, much of it being built on lofty hills, and the glorious mountains in the distance give grandeur to the scene.

With several other fellow passengers, Miss F. and I took up our quarters at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, where we found ourselves very comfortable. Our three weeks' companionship had been so pleasant to me, that her departure for Virginia City, a day or two after, left me very lonely. I soon found, too, that the hopes which had brought me to California were doomed to disappointment. Doubtless in the palmy days of the State, there had been good ground for the favorable reports I had heard, but now the field was over crowded with teachers, and the remuneration by no means commensurate with the expense of living. The completion of the Pacific railroad, though doubtless an inestimable benefit to the country at large, had ruined the business of many merchants, by stocking the markets from the east. Neither did the climate agree with me, and my health became worse than ever. The atmosphere was damp and cold, and sore throat, with a touch of

rheumatism, (the prevailing complaint,) was added to my afflictions. I tried vapour baths, and consulted a physician, but neither were of any avail. I found that I required heavier clothing than I had ever worn in Canada. Three days after my arrival, I moved from the Hotel, where the charge was three dollars a day, to a small private boarding house, where my expenses were about fifty dollars a month. Gold and silver, not greenbacks, were the circulating medium. Many of the shops, as well as private dwellings, hotels, churches, and other public edifices, are magnificent, and with a well-filled purse you can live as luxuriously in San Francisco as in New York. California is a cosmopolitan state, and a law was passed that winter allowing all places of amusement to be opened on Sundays as well as week days. The theatres promptly took advantage of it; many shops remained open on that day, and the cars and steamers were crowded with pleasure seekers. Towards spring San Francisco becomes unbearable as a residence. There is no verdure in or about the city, and the wind and dust are frightful. Early in the year 1870, I moved over to Oakland, a pretty country town, within easy distance of San Francisco, and having constant communication with it by very commodious ferry boats. I boarded with a private family and crossed daily to the city to give my lessons. The air of Oakland was soft and genial, and the rich foliage was a refreshing contrast to the barren sand hills of San Francisco. I made several pleasant acquaintances in both cities, and the kind attentions of an old bachelor cousin, one of the pioneers of the State, added not a little to my comfort. Mixed as society in California must necessarily be, there is a circle there, limited though it be, quite equal in refinement to any of the Eastern States. I found the Chinese filling most of the offices of domestic labour. Their industry and intelligence give them the preference over other labourers of the same class, and consequently the latter abuse and attack them on all occasions. It was feared that a general massacre of these unoffending creatures would take place on St. Patrick's day, but stringent measures were taken and the danger passed over. Most of the washing is done by the Chinese, and very well done to. They charge from one to two dollars per dozen, and I have some garments still marked with their hieroglyphics. But they are to be met with, too, in the higher walks of life, ranking among the first merchants and physicians of the city. Among the latter, Dr. Li Po Tai has attained the greatest fame. His rooms are constantly crowded with patients, among whom his own herb medicines, prepared and administered by his own hand, have effected wonderful cures. It is said that the course of study exacted by the medical colleges in China is very thorough and the examinations most severe. If a candidate fail in a hospital of a thousand patients, to give a correct diagnosis of each case, simply by feeling the pulse, he loses his diploma.

Every Chinaman can read and write his own language, and their progress in acquiring ours, both in the Sunday and other schools, is most rapid. They have their own theatres and temples in San Francisco, which with their shops, are most interesting places to visit. The latter are filled with fancy goods and curiosities of all kinds, of the most exqusite workmanship. They reside chiefly in one district, in the city, but with the Japanese, they are to be found all over the State. On Sundays they look particularly clean and neat, with their long pig-tails trailing almost to their feiet. To lose one is to lose caste. Deceased Celestials are carried by contract back to China for final burial; Heaven is supposed to be unattainable otherwise. I think it was about this time, the spring of 1870, that a friend enclosed me a copy of Mrs. Alexander's beautiful lines on "The Burial of Moses." I know of nothing finer, of its kind, in the whole range of Sacred Poetry, and as I have only once met with it in print, it may be new to some of my readers.

"By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod
And laid the dead man there.
That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the spring tide,
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves—
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of those that wept,
Silently down, from the mountain's crown,
The great procession swept.
Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Bethpeor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion, stalking,
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.
But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed, and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car.
They shew the banner taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,

While peals the minute gun.
Amidst the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honour'd place
With costly marble dress'd,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings,
Along the emblazoned wall.
This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword,
This was the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.
And had he not high honours?
The hill side for his pall—
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall.
And the dark rock pines like tossing plumes
O'er his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land
To lay him in his grave—
In that deep grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again—most wondrous thought!
Before the judgment day,
And stand, with glory wrapp'd around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the incarnate Son of God!
Oh! lonely tomb in Moab's land!
Oh! dark Bethpeor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours
And teach them to be still!
God hath His mysteries of grace—
Ways that we cannot tell—
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him He loved so well."

Finding that there was little chance of improvemen either in health or prospects, I retraced my steps to New York, leaving San Francisco on the 17th April, and arriving in port on the 10th of the following month. An application from an influential friend to the chief officer of the Company in San Francisco, had secured me the promise of one of the best state rooms to myself, but it was late when my cousin escorted me on board, and the last bell rang before we had succeeded in finding my room. At last we reached it, and to my dismay I found two women and three children, with their baggage, already installed there. My cousin could only give me his sympathy, and hurry on shore, and my spirits were none of the liveliest, as we

steamed down the harbour. It was late in the day, and there was still so much bustle and confusion in the crowded steamer, that I relinquished all hope of bettering my condition that night. The women were Germans, but by no means of the first class, and "a life on the ocean wave" did not seem to agree with them or the children. I kept in the open air until fatigue overpowered me, and then I crawled up over women and children to the third and upper berth. The horrors of that night can be more easily imagined than described, Six people—the majority sea-sick—confined in a stifling cabin, about six feet by three, do not form a pleasant picture. Could I have forgotten my misery in sleep, the Black Hole at Calcutta would have figured in my dreams. As early as possible the next day, I sent for the Captain, stated my case, and received his promise of better times. He fulfilled it, and in a few hours I was comfortably established in a large and airy stateroom, shared by a lady from San Francisco, and her daughter. Though not perhaps belonging to the *elite* of the city, I found them very agreeable and pleasant company, immeasurably superior to my associates of the preceding night.

A melancholy incident occurred a few days after leaving port. There was a family on board, consisting of a mother two young daughters and a son, *en route* for a pleasure tour in Europe. One of the daughters was in delicate health, though she did not seem to be considered by any means in danger. She was often with the other young girls, on deck, or amusing themselves at the piano in the evening. We had seen her thus one day, and the next morning were shocked by the intelligence that she had had a hemorrhage during the night, and had expired. Deep sadness fell on all. On the following evening we met the homeward bound steamer, and the stricken family, with the remains of their loved one, returned to the unconscious household at home. To me, one of the most interesting among the passengers was an old English lady, returning under the escort of an old friend, and accompanied by a faithful servant, to her home at Tacna, in Peru, after a visit to her married daughters in California. Well-bred and well-informed, with a quiet repose of manner more than usually attractive, from its rarity, in a Californian steamer, I felt very sensibly the loss of the society of this old lady and gentleman, when they left us at Panama. As the "Arizona" was awaiting us at Aspinwall, we crossed the Isthmus immediately and were soon once more afloat on the Caribbean Sea. This time I found myself "located," as our Yankee friends say, with a stately handsome Englishwoman, extremely prepossessing in manners and appearance, and one whom the most superficial observer could not fail to pronounce a lady. I congratulated myself on my good fortune. She was returning, with her baby—a small item which did not add much to my enjoyment in

such close quarters—to England. All went smoothly for a day or two, though I noticed that my friend seemed anxious and restless at times, and occasionally resorted to a glass of brandy and water, to prevent sea sickness, as I thought in my simplicity. On the third evening retiring early to our stateroom, which was on the promenade deck, I found the blind lowered half way, Mrs. B—— stretched on a mattrass on the floor, in the most *degagee* style, and snoring like a trooper. Her unconscious baby slept in the berth, by her side. I did not know what to make of it. I thought the poor woman must be very ill, for the snoring, varied occasionally by moaning and tossing, continued through the night, and my sympathies were so much excited that I begged her the next morning, to take my berth, which was the best in the room. She accepted my offer, and occupied it throughout the greater part of the following day, but though she resorted to her favorite remedy from time to time, she did not appear to be at all benefited by it. In the course of the morning, one or two of our fellow passengers asked me "how Mrs. B—— was," and from the peculiar smile with which my answer was received, it struck me that her case did not excite much sympathy. A few more questions and answers were exchanged, and then I was informed in a whisper, that the free use of the brandy bottle was the cause of my friend's illness! This explained the whole affair, and I wondered at my own stupidity, which can only be accounted for by the fact that it was the first time I had been brought into close contact with intemperance. God grant that I may never again witness such a spectacle—

> "A perfect woman, nobly planned,
> To warn, to comfort and command,"

transformed by such indulgence, into something lower than the beasts that perish! I hardly knew what to do. Finally I decided that the supplies must be cut off. Mrs. B—— had hired a steerage passenger to look after her child in the day time. She seemed a respectable and intelligent woman, and probably understood the situation earlier than I did. Without entering into any particulars, I informed her that the brandy bottle, now almost empty, must not be replenished under any circumstances whatever, and that I looked to her for assistance in the matter. Finding however, that Mrs. B—— persisted in asking for the poison, in spite of my evasive answers, I took advantage of a lucid interval, and endeavoured as gently as possible, to make her aware of the great wrong she was doing herself and her child. Her tears flowed fast, but she said she had been so long accustomed to the stimulant that she could not live without it. She seemed to be aware, however, that I would firmly resist the introduction of any more black bottles into the room, and she made no further attempt. In a day or two "Richard was himself again," and when I

shook hands at parting with that noble looking lady on the wharf at New York. it seemed like a dream that I had ever seen her in any other character.

After a few weeks spent with my friends in New York, I joined my relations in Quebec, and there passed the remainder of the summer.

CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

Peru.

The Land of the Incas was the scene of my last efforts in teaching "the young idea how to shoot." Attracted by the favourable reports of teachers already in the field, I sailed from New York in the Pacific Mail S. S. "Henry Chauncey" on the 20th Nov., 1870. I was again fortunate in finding a pleasant party on board, several of whom were also bound for Peru.

Among the lady passengers was Miss T. of New York, *en route* to join her parents and pass the winter in California for the benefit of the milder climate. Congeniality of taste and thought soon ripened our acquaintance into intimacy, and when we parted at Panama, I felt as if I had taken leave of an old friend. A series of untoward events has since detained the family in California, but Miss T's letters from that date have but strengthened my attachment, and I look upon my meeting with her as one of the greatest blessings of my life.

Among the Peruvian passengers were an old judge, returning with his young and pretty bride, from a honeymoon trip to New York; and an old officer belonging to the Peruvian Navy, from whom I had the pleasure of winning several games of chess. There were also several American ladies and their husbands, about settling in Lima. Of course there was the usual sprinkling of fast women, bound for San Francisco. One of them, a hand some, rattling, loud-talking widow tried her fascinations impartially on all, and finally enlisted the old Captain in her train. One of her captives, a youth of eighteen, proposed to her, it was said, before we reached Aspinwall. But she was aiming at higher game,—Capt. G— of the U. S. Navy, *en route* to take command of his ship in the South Pacific. He was proof, however, against all her artillery. Arriving at Aspinwall on the 28th, we took the cars across the Isthmus, and on reaching Panama, the California bound passengers went immediately on board the steamer which was awaiting them in the Bay. We were not so fortunate. Our steamer was not ready to sail, and a three days' detention at "The Grand Hotel" was in store for us. I had a letter of introduction to Mr. Prain, the agent of the British Steam Ship Company at this port. He called promptly and promised to secure me a comfortable stateroom on board the "Chile," a promise which he faithfully kept. I found the Grand Hotel hardly worthy of its

pretentious title, and decidedly inferior in its accommodations to the hotels of Havana. It was built very much in the same style—a square building, with wide and lofty corridors opening on an inner court-yard, with a fountain playing in the centre. The charge was three dollars a day in American gold.

Panama is a very old and desolate looking town, of some ten thousand inhabitants. How they all live is a mystery, for apparently there is nothing but the foreign trade to support them. Being a free port, many of the goods are very reasonable in price. Very beautiful pearls are found in great quantities at Pearl Island in the Bay, and immense profits are made by their sale in the North.

It was the rainy season when we arrived, and the dampness added to the unhealthiness of the town. My friend Miss T—— had some years previously lost a brother who took the fever simply from sleeping on shore one night at that season.

At noon on the 30th, we gladly exchanged our spacious apartments at the Grand Hotel for smaller quarters on the "Chile," and it was with a very decided quickening of the pulse that I stepped on the deck where the Red Cross of Old England floated proudly on the breeze. Capt. W—— a man of good family, was a fine specimen of the English sailor, and the order and discipline which he maintained on board his ship contrasted favorably with that which prevailed on Brother Jonathan's line.

We sailed the next morning, and our trip had all the charm of a pleasure excursion until we reached Paita on the following day. At that port we took on board a large number of Coolies and an additional cargo of fruit. It being impossible to provide accomodation for either within the ordinary limits, every portion of the small steamer became uncomfortably crowded. Bananas, pine apples and Coolies pervaded the ship, end even our promenade deck was almost entirely abandoned to them. The immense deck load thus made the steamer so top-heavy and one-sided, that for the remaindér of the voyage one of the paddle-wheels was generally high above the water, and a good deal of uneasiness was felt among the passengers, for in the event of a sudden gale our danger would have been imminent. But a kind Providence watched over us, and on the 10th of December we anchored safely in the port of Callao.

I had thought of going to Peru a year previously, and among the letters of introduction with which some kind friends had provided me was one to Mrs. D——, an American lady then residing in Lima, where her husband was engaged in business. Having turned my steps to California instead, I had at that time made over this letter with another to the Secretary of the United States Legation, to a relative then bound for Peru, in company with Miss. W——, an English lady, who had been teaching in a

private family in Quebec. I had also, on my voyage from New York to Aspinwall the preceding year, become acquainted with the Rev. Dr. H——, Chaplain to the British Legation at Lima, and then returning to his post after a visit to his relations in England. This gentleman had kindly promised his assistance in forwarding my views should I decide at any time in establishing myself in Lima, and as I had announced my intention by a previous mail, I now landed with a lighter heart, feeling that I was not going among entire strangers. Mr. D—— had most kindly requested Mr. E—— his agent in Callao, to meet me on board, and this gentleman, relieving me from all trouble about my baggage, escorted me to the cars, which after a half-hour's journey, brought us to the capital, which stands some five hundred feet above the level of the sea. At the Railway terminus I found Mr. D—— awaiting me with an invitation to his house, which was only a short walk from the Depôt and a warm welcome from his kind-hearted, whole-souled wife, soon made me feel at home. H—— and Miss. W—— called the same day, and the Rev. Dr. H—— a day or two later. After resting a day or two, I sent my other letters of introduction to their respective addresses, and I had every reason to be pleased with the hospitality which they evoked. Among others I had letters to the Chargé d'affaires of France, the Count de Monclar, and to the Hon. W. Stafford Jerningham, H. B. M. Chargé d'affaires, now Resident Minister. Both responded most promptly. The Count, a young unmarried man, and a relation of Mr. Jerningham's, seemed to combine in his character the solid qualities of the Englishman with the courtly polish of the Frenchman. Mr. Jerningham, (a brother of Lord Stafford's, and heir, I believe, to the title) is a fine model of the stately old English gentleman. He married a Peruvian lady, one of the most charming women I ever met. Well educated and with intellectual tastes, a highly accomplished musician, and a most agreeable hostess—the many pleasant evenings I spent at her house are among the most delightful of my reminisences of Peru. I was also much indebted to the kind hospitality of Mrs. H——, the sister in-law of the Chaplain, and to her active friendship I owe much of the success which attended my career in Lima from the very outset.

During the summer season, which begins in December and lasts until May, the upper classes in Lima, almost without exception, remove from the city to one or other of the watering places in the vicinity. Of these Chorillos, some seven miles distant by rail, is the most fashionable, and after a few weeks spent in preliminary arrangements, I bade adieu to my kind entertainers, Mr. and Mrs. D—— and their two interesting little boys, took up my quarters at the Hotel Pedro, in the above mentioned little town, and immediately commenced work at the rate of one hundred and sixty four dollars a month, Peruvian currency.

In the course of my stay, I often reached three hundred and fifty. My expenses however, were rather heavy. I paid thirty dollars a month for my room and attendance, and separately for each meal and dish, as well as cup of coffee. Ten cents was the usual price of a plate of soup; from twenty to thirty cents for a small piece of beefsteak; five cents for a potato; from ten to fif teen cents for a fried egg, &c., &c. I have known beef as high as eighty cents, and even a sol (a hundred cents) a pound, and butter has reached the same price. Washing, too, was very expensive. Ten cents a pair were often charged for stockings and cuffs, a plain linen collar was never less than five cents and four dollars was a common price for a flounced dress.

The hotel being full of foreigners, I took my meals in my own room, which I rarely left except to go out and give my lessons. This change from the cheerful home-life at Mr. D's to solitary confinement in a hotel was not at all pleasant, and I was truly glad when the close of the season permitted my return to Lima. The heat too was greater than I had expected. I had been told that the thermometer never rose above 86°, but I found my faith somewhat severely tested. Of course that was "an unprecedented season." One longed occasionally for a good heavy storm of thunder and rain to vary the monotony of cloudless sunshine, but rain is a luxury almost unknown in those latitudes. In winter there is sometimes a faint imitation of it about night-fall, but no one ever thinks of using an umbrella. In my ignorance, I ventured to raise one once or twice, but the phenomenon elicited such comments from the passers-by, that I speedily collapsed. The thermometer does not vary, they say, more than twenty-five to thirty degrees all the year round. On the whole I was very much pleased with Peru and the Peruvians, and much preferred the climate to that of Cuba. I met with great kindness from all classes, and found them, as a rule, more reliable than most of the Latin races. The large preponderance too, of English and Americans, in the foreign element, contributed much to my contentment. Ill-health, however, pursued me here as elsewhere, and shortly after my arrival, I placed myself under the care of the good old Dr. D——, a German homeopathist of great skill, and followed his prescriptions, often with much benefit, during my residence in the country.

Lima is a city of churches, convents and monasteries: you can see one from almost any corner. Many of them are very rich and handsome, and profusely adorned within and without, with the most elaborate sculpture. Pizarro lies buried in the ancient cathedral. The quaint looking old building, not far distant, formerly used as the Inquisition, is now devoted to the Sessions of Congress. Formerly an open drain ran through the middle of each street in Lima, but some ten years ago, during the mayoralty of

Mr. Pardo, the present enlightened ruler of the Republic, vigorous measures were commenced for the improvement of the city, and when I left in 1873 but a few of those unsightly objects remained, and those only in the outskirts. The streets are now in general well paved, well lighted, and kept very clean, the scavengers and their carts making their rounds nightly. There are several pretty Alamedas as well as handsome Plazas, and the grounds and Palace of the Exposition would do credit to any capital in Europe. The dress goods are chiefly of French importation. The shops are richly furnished and require purses of the same description. There is a vast deal of wealth in the city, and the decrees of Longchamps are implicitly obeyed, regardless of expense. Statistics are not my forte, but I have an impression that the inhabitants number about two hundred thousand.

Boarding houses do not exist in Lima, (a circumstance which I regretted the less after my experience in Havana) and as the hotels were undesirable residences for single ladies, I hired a room in a private house on my return from Chorillos, furnished it in the simplest manner, and engaged a boy to bring me my meals from the nearest restaurant. But a more thoroughly good-for-nothing, faithless and unreliable set than the domestics of Lima I have never met. The complaint is general, foreigners and natives suffer alike. The disappearance of a cook with the money for the marketing is an every day occurrence, and the laundresses often keep your clothes for four, five and six weeks at a time. Living alone as I did, this wretched system, or rather want of system, often caused me the greatest suffering. Returning home, often after eight hours' teaching, with aching head and wearied limbs, I would throw myself on my couch to await my dinner. Hour after hour would pass—perhaps my attendant would come at last (always with some ready-made falsehood) or perhaps he would not come at all. And then in desperation, I have sometimes rushed to my balcony, beckoned to the first boy I saw passing in the street, thrust my "porta-vianda" and money into his hand, and trusted his promise to bring me something to eat. I suppose I looked as miserably as I felt, and that I was indebted on each occasion to the compassion of my messenger for the success of the expedient. One evening, when suffering most acutely from a pain in the side which afflicted me for over a year, having no assistance at hand, I was obliged to rise, go out to purchase mustard for a plaster, and prepare it myself. During the last year of my stay in Lima, these desertions of my Chino were not so severally felt, for my health being better, I could again sally forth and always find a welcome at some friendly board.

The political history of Peru differs little from that of her sister Republics. One revolution follows another so

fast, that the world abroad scarce thinks them worth notice, and few ever care to read the details. For more than fifty years a military despotism had held the country in its iron grasp, and the hopes of the small minority of Liberals were almost extinct. To the patriotism of Manuel Pardo they were indebted for new life in the year 1871, and from that date the work of regeneration, under his influence, has steadily progressed. Slowly indeed—for the difficulties with which he has to contend are countless. Elected to the Presidency in the following year,—the first civilian ever nominated to the office,—he found an empty exchequer and the country plunged in debt. Fraud and peculation, bribery and corruption pervaded every department, and he devoted all the energies of his active mind and highly cultivated intellect to the task of a thorough reform. Thousands were dismissed from the army, which was completely reorganized. Several battalions of National Guards were raised, and to them the defence of the country was chiefly entrusted. Of course the disbanded soldiers have swelled the ranks of Mr. Pardo's enemies, and many attempts on his life have been the consequence—to say nothing of a revolutionary *emeute* now and then in the country districts. But they are invariably put down with a firm hand, and I doubt if they will be repeated very often. Mr. Pardo is very popular with the large majority of his countrymen, and I have faith to believe that they will sustain him in his salutary measures, distasteful though they may be for the time being. His successor will reap the benefit of them, unless, as I hope, a change in the laws of Congress, permits an extension of his term of office.

Mr. Pardo's two elder boys were among my first pupils, and his steady friendship and that of his amiable wife, was of much advantage to me in my professional career. My pupils were both intelligent, and the elder was uncommonly clever. Mr. P has a numerous and a very fine family; the eldest little girl was an especial favorite of mine, and I regretted much that she was still too young for the school-room. For several months I had the pleasure of giving English lessons to one of Mr. Pardo's sisters-in law, and it was with the greatest regret that I parted with her when her delicate health necessitated a voyage to Europe.

I had several other adults among my "discipulas" in Lima, desirous of acquiring the English language, and the hours I spent in their instruction are among the most agreeable of my recollections. I especially enjoyed the society of the Senorita J. B——; the Senorita T. C——, who took lessons in company with her brother-in-law, Senor Don J. C., a gentleman in every sense worthy of the name; the Senorita S. I., the Senorita A. B., and the Senorita P. P. S. They all made rapid progress, and seemed to take as much pleasure in receiving, as I felt in

imparting instruction to them, while their unfailing courtesy and kindness left nothing to be desired.

Having known the convenience of the Spanish mantilla in Havana, I frequently availed myself of the "manta" in Peru. Much heavier in material than the former, it is far less graceful in appearance, but its convenience atones for its deficiency in that respect. It is generally made of black cashmere, about a yard and a half in width, and three in length, and wrapped in its folds which leave only the face and the lower part of the skirt visible, all the imperfections of a hasty toilet pass unnoticed. The face is more or less covered at the option of the wearer, and in cold weather you generally see nothing but a pair of eyes. Among the wealthier classes the "manta" is often made of richly embroidered black Canton crape. At church it is worn by all classes, but elsewhere, in full dress, its use has been discontinued by the younger Peruvian ladies in favor of Parisian hats and bonnets of the latest style.

CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

PERU CONTINUED.—*Extracts from my Journal.*

As the political horizon grew darker and darker, and the public excitement seemed daily on the increase, I made an effort to keep some record of passing events, and I trust the result may interest the reader in some degree. At this time, Colonel José Balta occupied the Presidental Chair, and though his term of office was about expiring, it was supposed that he would retain it *vi et armis*, even in the event of Mr. Pardo's election. Balta was a man of low origen, no education, harsh in manners and appearance, most violent in temper, and with little to recommend him but his personal bravery, and his ardent affection for his youngest child, of which latter trait I was often a witness. At the date of my first extract I had been giving tri-weekly lessons at the palace to his daughters, two of whom were grown up. Though he trampled on all laws one could not but lament the terrible fate which shortly overtook him.

JOURNAL.

Saturday, July 13th, 1872.—The new Congress assembled to-day amid the ringing of bells and the firing of cannon. Many expected a serious outbreak among the rival parties, and there was something of a row within the Hall at the opening, but quiet was restored without the aid of the ubiquitous gens-d'armes. Balta is doing all he can to impress the people, *i. e.*, the Pardistas, with a sense of his power.

The army has been recruited by press gangs throughout the country, and there are now in Lima over eight thousand men, admirably armed and equipped. They parade the streets at all hours. I heard the bands of three regiments

the other day, within a three minutes' walk. While many of Mr. Pardo's friends are sanguine of success, others fear that Government gold will be too much for him. Of course with his advent to power all the illegal acts of Balta's administrators would be annulled, and a pretty strict reckoning made with all these reckless violators of law and liberty. A general feeling of uneasiness prevails. A coup d'état of some kind is expected. Many think Balta will proclaim himself Dictator, and dissolve the Congress if it does not work to order. Santa Marin is Balta's "Antonelli" and decidedly superior to his master in intellect, education and manners. To me the only pleasing trait in Balta's character is his passionate fondness for his little Maria, a child of about three years of age. He frequently comes into the drawing room in the morning, carrying her in his arms from the nursery, where he seeks her the first thing. I asked him for his card this morning, to be used as a passport ; for though the sentinels ought to know me pretty well by this time, I am often detained some minutes before they can be thoroughly assured that I have no designs upon any besides the three daughters of the President, and that whatever shooting may take place will be in connection with the "young idea".....The little entresol below my room has been taken by the Padre M——; he came up the first evening after taking possession to offer me his services both as priest and neighbor, for which I thanked him very kindly.

Sunday, July 14th.—I went this afternoon to see Mrs. T——, to recommend Miss W—— as resident governess. Said all I could for her ; that the B——'s were highly pleased with her, that H's improvement under her instruction had been most marked &c. &c. Mrs. T—— said she would consult her husband, and send Miss W—— an answer.....Have been much interested reading the "Guardian," an English Church paper, lent me by Dr. H. Dined at Mrs B's ; a comfortable English dinner and good plain people....M—has been having harder times than ever lately ; the reins have been tightened, for a final struggle ; however emancipation comes with her majority on the 25th.....My constant visitor Madame G—— tells me Dr. D. has cured young S's lameness, after the allopathic doctors had decided that it was necessary his leg should be "extracted." Her little girl, whom she sorrowfully described to me one day as being "much decayed" is now in excellent health. She brought her husband, a vaurien on good behaviour just now,—to see me, and in the course of conversation informed me that he spoke English also. So I perceived when he presently enquired—"Miss where have you been born ?" But if Madame G. is not a perfect English scholar, she is an excellent kind hearted woman, and her gratitude and devotion to me seem most genuine.

Tuesday, July 16th.—Breakfasted at Mrs. L's. I hear

I am very thankful to have had it in my power to help her.
that D. is to be married soon to Senor M ; that accounts for her giving up her English studies last month. I regretted it much, for she is rhe brightest of the three..... Dined with my kind friends the D——'s, Mr. and Mrs. K. make a pleasant addition to their domestic circle.....I have had to invest lately in a fresh stock of handkerchiefs and stockings, not having been blessed with a sight of my laundress for more than five weeks. Have made a series of fruitless exploring expeditions through divers "callejones" in search of her. Good Mrs. D. has come to my rescue in the cuff and collar line. N. B., the fortune might be advantageously applied to the defaulter when caught ; the *choler* would certainly not be wanting.

Thursday, July 18th.—Mr. Pardo's party, I am delighted to hear, is gaining ground every hour in Congress in spite of all the opposing elements. They say Gutueriz, the Minister of War, is blowing mischief. He and the army generally are violently opposed to Pardo, knowing that the latter will be reduced when he assumes the reins..... Miss W. called to hear the result of my application in her behalf. I was sorry I could teli her nothing more definite.

Saturday, July 20th.—Mrs. B. told me that the wedding would take place there (at the Palace) on Monday evening at eight o'clock. D. came in for a moment esplendent in a new blue silk morning wrapper, faced with white silk. Breakfasted at the L's, I saw their invitation to the wedding. A plain card, about six inches square printed in this style, as nearly as I can recollect : "E—— M—— suplicia al Senor D. D. L. y Senor a el honor de presenciar su matrimonio con la Senorita D—— B——, el 22 del corriente, à las ocho de la tarde."

Strangely enough no place is mentioned, but it is generally known that the Palace and not the Church is to be the scene of action. It is said that Mr. M. placed a six thousand dollar bill in the album of one of Batta's daughters on her birthday.....A long and interesting letter from M. gladened me to-daſ; also one from H., who did not reach New York until the 17th June! having spent eight days on that horrid Isthmus. I hope I shall be more fortunate when I go on. A letter too, at last, from my dear friend A..... sent another cheque to E. by this mail. Eusebio is falling off in his attendance; sometimes I have to wait an hour for dinner, which is rather hard when one comes home tired and hungry. One of the Celestials belonging to the family below seems a good-heerted willing boy. He offered me a couple of oranges the other day and would not take any pay! I would like to hire him for my limited service; it would be so much more convenient to have the attendance of some one on the premises..... Received a short but pleasant letter from Mère St. T., en-

closing the initials in dried flowers for Mrs. P. and Mrs. Y. for which I had asked her. My unanswered letters are accumulating fast; I wonder why it is I find it so hard to write a letter now-a-days. Is it the stupefying deadening influence of advancing years, I wonder! or is it the mental indolence for which I think all our family are more or less remarkable! If I can only bring myself to sit down with pen and ink before me and *commence* a letter, half the battle is over. But after all I do not know that I can acuse myself of much laziness; my days are pretty busy. I have also one pupil who comes to me three evenings in the week, and the rest of the time I am not good for much. Certainly, with better health, I might accomplish a great deal more.....

Poor S——, how often I think of him.

Sunday, July, 21st.—Went to church; I doubt if there were three dozen present—indeed, I have never yet seen the Chapel at all crowded. Read a couple of chapters in Goulburn's "Pursuit of Holiness;" that and his "Personal Religion" are the two most interesting religious books I ever read; they wake one up to a realizing sense of the all-important subject.

Monday, July 22nd.—A startling and eventful day. The first act of the revolutionary drama so long expected, has opened with a farce apparently. As I left Mr. B.'s house about half past two this afternoon, I noticed an unusual stir and excitement in the streets; the shop windows were closing rapidly and people standing at the doors and gates, ready for a rush inside, if necessary, while others moved on towards the Plaza Mayor, where I gathered from the words I caught here and there tht something extraordinary had taken place with reference to Balta and Gutierrez Desirous of learning the truth, I was about proceeding in that direction, when, on reaching S.'s, (the shoemaker's) he told me I had better come into his shop or go home at once, informing me that the President had just been arrested at the Palace by Gen. Gutierrez at the head of a large body of troops, and carried off prisoner to the San Francisco barracks! By this time carriages were flying through the streets filled with people, hurrying to the railroad depot to seek safety in Callao. However, it being the hour for my lesson at Santa Maria's, I went there, thinking, too, that at "*Antonelli's*" I would be sure to hear all the particulars of this audacious proceeding, which seems to have surprised every body. The general opinion is, however, that it is all a concerted plan between Balta and Gutierrez (who is connected with him by marriage), working against Pardo. Knowing that the decision of Congress would inevitably be in favor of the latter, Gutierrez immediately sent an armed force to disperse the assembly, despatching another meanwhile to arrest Pardo. Happily he had five minutes' warning and escaped their

clutches; had they caught him, I have little doubt his life would have been taken *by accident.* But I did not get in at the Santa Maria's; the gate was closed like the rest; I could make no one hear my knock, and so after a brief visit and gossip at Mrs. D.'s about the strange state of affairs, I went home. People don't feel comfortable. We are at the mercy of Gutierrez and his savage brothers, all colonels in the army, which seems to follow his lead implicitly. One of these brothers is the man who had a brother officer seized and flogged last year! A short imprisonment was his only punishment; when his brother, the General, became Minister of War, last December, he was released.... G. went off this morning on a fortnight's trip across the Andes to see J. D. By way of defence in case of anything in the "wumpus, wiot and wow" line, he left me an old revolver, discarded by J. D. It is not loaded, and I don't believe it would go off under any provocation, but it looks formidable. I fancied I heard some one behind the curtain at the end of the balcony, about dusk this evening, and so, without giving my courage time to evaporate, I marched up and satisfied myself that it was a false alarm.

Tuesday, July 23rd.—Though feeling pretty sure that books would be at a discount at the Palace this morning, I availed myself of my engagement to make a personal enquiry into the state of affairs there. I found the gate in Palacios street in possession of a number of officers and soldiers, and one of the former informed me that I could only be admitted through the front entrance on the square. There I found a still larger crowd of red-trousered military. An officer, who appeared to know me, advanced and escorted me through the various interior court yards to the private apartments of the President's family. *Chemin faisant,* I asked him on what pretext Gutierrez had taken Balta prisoner. (1) "Quien sabe," was his non committal reply. I found all in the confusion and bustle of packing for a hurried removal to their new house, though it is far from being ready for them. I saw D. (the bride that was to have been the night before) in her own room, clearing out drawers. She repeated the same story about the father's arrest, but did not seem to be much alarmed about it, nor did Mrs. B., whom I also saw. There were a good many officers in the drawing-room, and they did not seem to be on unfriendly terms with the family. I said laughingly to D., (2) "Y la boda?" She smiled and said it was put off. Of course, lessons were out of the question; so I left, promising to be at the new house on Thursday morning.....

Since the arrest yesterday, I am about the only lady to be seen in the streets, but I can't make up my mind to

[1] "Who knows?"

[2] "And the wedding?"

solitary confinement during these exciting times. Shops, banks and all places of business are closed, and of private dwellings only the small wickets at the gate are left open. The celadores stand with loaded muskets at the corners of the streets and allow no groups to gather. Gutierrez' proclamation to-day is the second act of the farce; its unblushing effrontery and falsehood are something marvellous. I mean to preserve it for M.'s amusement some day. He says that at the call of the army, the navy and the people he has accepted the command as "Jefe Supremo," (he objects to the word Dictator apparently, though not to the *role*) in "order to save the country which Balta was about to ruin by permitting Pardo's election!" Just as if Balta had any legal power in the matter, for or against Pardo! He says that the "22nd July will be for ever glorious in the annals of Peru as the date of its regeneration, &c., &c., &c.! Poor little Felipe Pardo! On coming home from school yesterday at five o'clock, he was denied admittance by the soldiers in possession, and had to take shelter with some of his school friends.

Wednesday, July 24th.—Went my rounds as usual today, but few of my pupils took lessons; they were too excited. Mrs. S. M., is in decidedly low spirits; he was at home, ousted by Gutierrez.—So it is pretty evident that Santa Maria had no knowledge of this plot. Mrs. S. M., fully believes that the President is a victim of Gutierrez, and not an accomplice. She is the first one I have heard express such an opinion. She said that D., would not be able to take a lesson until next Monday. My impression is that her husband is going to seek safety in "furrin parts" immediately, if not sooner..... The navy has behaved nobly; the officers have protested publicly against Gutier rez' usurpation and the whole squadron has left Callao and sailed to the Isle of San Lorenzo in the vicinity. Every body is so rejoiced to hear of Mr. Pardo's safety. It is said he escaped on horseback to Chilca, a small sea port, not many miles off, and thence went on board a man-of-war, sent to meet him. To foreigners it seems odd that the people do not rise *en masse* and put an end to this lawless military despotism, but then the people are unarmed and the troops are well provided with arms of all kinds, even to the deadly mitrailleuses which now command the square in front of the Palace. G. returned this afternoon,—heard of the "rumpus" when half way over the Andes, and returned "to see the fun," he says.

Thursday, July 25th.—Went to Balta's new house this morning and found everything in a state of confusion. Mrs. B. said the girls would not be ready, or rather that the state of the house would prevent them taking lessons for some time. Balta's valet told me this morning that he is not allowed to exchange a single word with him when he takes him his meals and his clothes to the prison, and

that everything is thoroughly examined. Gutierrez has made Fernando Casos, a very clever and unprincipled lawyer, his right-hand man; in fact under the title of Secretario General, Casos is the head-piece, Gutierrez confining himself to the management of the troops. Serafin, the Papal Nuncio, and Benevento, the Bolivian envoy, have replied in the most friendly terms to Casos' circular to the Diplomatic Corps, announcing the change of Government.....Gave very few lessons to-day—School-books are at a discount and newspapers at a premium. As A. B. said to me one day in Charleston, during the late civil war, "the star of ancient history pales before that of modern".....M. is of age to-day; I sent the pincushion I had made for her; blue satin, with her monogram embroidered in the centre, and trimmed with several rows of white silk gimp and broad Duchess lace. As I wrote her, I had no spare time for a more elaborate performance.

Saturday, July 27th.—What a bloody tragedy I have to record! This date will be remembered in the Peruvian annals to the latest posterity. I doubt if any page of Pizarro's conquest will eclipse it. Yesterday, within a space of about six hours, Balta and three of the brothers Gutierrez were sent to their long account. But I must try and relate these horrors in the order in which they occurred. About half past eleven yesterday morning, I heard a great deal of shooting accompanied by the discharge of fire-arms, and looking from my balcony, I saw numbers running at full speed from the neighborhood of the Callao R. R. Station. I went below to enquire the cause and the mayordomo informed me that Sylvestre Gutierrez had just been killed at the dépot. It seems he was about returning to Callao with money for his soldiers (he had plundered the banks of $150,000), when some one among the by-standers cried "Viva Pardo!" Gutierrez immediately discharged his revolver among them; the shot was returned promptly; a ball struck him in the temple and he expired instantly. Some of his assailants then jumped on the engine which started immediately, and the rest rushed out, so that when a troop of cavalry came tearing down, (they passed my balcony a few minutes after), to avenge his death, they found the dépot empty. But a victim must be sacrificed, so Marcelino Gutierrez rushed off to the San Francisco Barracks, and murdered the prisoner *Balta* in cold blood! The President was seated on the sofa, his coat off, reading a newspaper. Without a word of warning, Gutierrez and his crew attacked him with revolvers and daggers, and another soul was sent into eternity unprepared. Eleven wounds were found on his body and head. M. Gutierrez then went to join the troops in Callao, but there speedy retribution awaited him. Just as he was pointing the cannon for the wholesale slaughter of the people, he too was shot dead. Meanwhile the ex-

citement both here and in Callao was increasing every minute. The people were roused at last—that shot of Sylvestre Gutierrez had fired them. A determined resistance was being evidently organized. Large groups formed at the corners of the principal streets shouting "Viva Pardo !" and in the squares, crowds assembled. Numbers of mounted gentlemen galloped about from post to post giving orders, and soon the troops were attacked in every direction. I saw a party of four dragoons galloping for dear life down this street, while the people from the house-tops pelted them with bricks and stones. Gradually a few of the soldiers joined the people, and the latter rushed *en masse* to attack the Palace where Gen. Gutierrez had intrenched himself. After two or three hours' fighting, he abandoned it and took refuge in the Santa Catalina Barracks, pursued by the citizens. It was now dark, and the Dictator's cause becoming momentarily more desperate. He had to contend with dissension and strife among his troops in the darkness within, (for the people had cut off the gas), and a raging foe without. In desperation he tried to escape from the fort; but he was recognized almost immediately, on issuing from it. Then his fate was sealed.

His captors, wished to deliver him over to the proper authorities, but were unable to save him from the fury of the outraged citizens. He fell riddled with balls and soon after the bodies of both brothers were swinging at the lamp-posts in the Plaza, after which they were raised to the Cathedral towers, one hanging from each, below the clock—a ghastly spectacle which thousands went to witness. The towers are in full view from my balcony, the Cathedral being but three blocks distant, but the sight had no attractions for me. This morning a few priests ventured out to endeavor to rescue the bodies, but their exhortation met with little favor from the people. To inflict the utmost possible dishonor, the mob resolved to burn the bodies of all three brothers;—that of Marceliano was therefore disinterred in Callao *from under six others* and dragged up to feed the flames in front of the Cathedral. The brutality of Sylvestre and Marceliano Gutierrez had been especially notorious, and their victims now took a fiendish revenge. One negro whom Sylvestre had cruelly flogged, tore out his heart and ate it roasted! It was said too that the shot which killed him was fired by the son of a brother officer whom he had flogged. But these barbarities are not chargeable on the Peruvians.—With the whole city at their mercy, the police scattered and nothing to oppose them since the rout of the troops, there have been singularly few acts of violence. The people have kept steadily to their purpose—the overthrow of Gutierrez and his troops—and they have accomplished it most thoroughly. Telegrams were received from Mr. Pardo, from Pisco, yesterday, and he returned to Lima to-day, welcomed by an enthusiastic crowd. On reaching home he addressed a

few words to the assembled multitude, and alluding to the late terrible events, he closed thus —"Fécunda leccion para mi! Mi gobierno sera el vuestro, y sus brazos mis defensores." (1)

In all his speeches, and even in his telegrams, there is a marked recognition of the hand of Providence and his dependence on it. I know of no man whom I more thoroughly admire both in his public and private life....The streets are perfectly quiet to-day, but I am still the only lady who ventures out. During the firing yesterday evening, the Padre M., the tenant of the entresol, came up to see me. He sat between the two open doors and presently asked me if I did not think a ball might reach him there. I said I thought not, but he soon moved off to safer quarters. He is a Peruvian and has lately been turned out of his room in the convent of San Pedro, to make room for the Spanish and Italian Jesuits who are flooding this continent. I shall be much mistaken if there are many left in Peru at the close of Mr. Pardo's administration.... Returned Mrs. H's call to-day and had a long and interesting conversation with her on many subjects of mutual interest. She happened to be looking from her balcony this morning when the corpse of Marceliano Gutierrez was dragged through the street to the Plaza.....I went dinnerless yesterday; Eusebio's attendance is growing very irregular; he seems to think I can live on excitement, but it is not a fattening diet.....

Sunday, July 28th.—Went to church; Mrs. H. myself and three others were the only ladies present. Perfect tranquility prevails throughout the city. A certain number of citizens turn out every night for a volunteer patrol until the police can be reorganized. After morning service I called to see Mrs. P—— to congratulate her on her husband's safe return. Her mother and sister T——— were the only persons with her, Mr. P—— having gone to the Senate, this being the day fixed by the law for the nomination of the President. But from the day of Gutierrez' treason, there has been but one name in every mouth. Whatever faint hopes Arenas or Ureta may have entertained, the 22nd of July annihilated them forever. Mrs. P—— was very quiet and composed, notwithstanding the harrowing anxiety she must have suffered during those terrible days last week. She told me that Gutierrez' soldiers searched the house from top to bottom, and would allow no one to go in or out except the cook.....Dined with Mrs. D. and spent some pleasant hours with them..... The residences of the Gutierrez brothers were utterly destroyed by the mob on Friday night, and Santa Maria's was nearly sharing the fame fate. He had fortunately escaped at once after Gutierrez's *coup-de-main* and the

[1] "Fruitful lesson for me! My government shall be yours, and your arms shall be my defenders."

family had left the house, so some cooler heads among the mob succeeded in drawing them off. They contented themselves with blackening his name (which graced the front of the Cathedral in connection with Balta's) uttering meanwhile fearful imprecations against him.....My celestial friend Akeen, has waited on me for a day or two, but he won't take any pay, at least in the form of money. What a *rara avis*! I must try and overcome his scruples.

Monday, July 29th.—Mariano Ceballos, Vice President under Balta, and consequently First-Magistrate until Pardo's inauguration, opened the Congress to-day with a most eloquent discourse. I mean that he read a very eloquent speech, written by somebody else,—his wife perhaps, for she is decidedly the better half in intellectual ability, they say. During the late fighting however, he figured about a good deal on horseback among the lead ers of the people. They were very much amused at his turning out in the grandest of the Presidential coaches and four, during the three days of his brief authority; but I fancy his ambitious wife prompted the display.....

Capt. Kennedy, of H. B. M. Steamer "Reindeer" behaved nobly during the troubles last week; he published a note offering shelter on board his ship to all British subjects, and an escort to any lady from her residence to the vessel. Many even among the Peruvians availed themselves of his protection.

Balta has been embalmed, and he lies in state in the beautiful new mansion on which he had lavished so much time and expense, and now enters a corpse. The bereaved family requested a guard from the Peruvian "Bomberos" and it was promptly furnished. They stand at the gate in their picturesque uniforms of scarlet and white, high jack-boots, and plumed hats.

Wednesday, July 30th.—On Monday evening the body of the murdered President was removed to the Church of "La Merced." On my way to my pupils I joined the silent crowd thronging in and out. The church was draped in black and without light save for the tall candles which stood round the bier in the nave near the chancel—a bombero, rigid as a statue, standing at each corner. Dressed in black, with folded hands, poor Balta looked so peaceful that none could have guessed the bloody tragedy of which he had been the victim, and thus he was carried to-day through the streets to the Cathedral. I witnessed the long funeral procession from Mrs. C——'s balcony. The army that numbered eight thousand men a few days ago, is among the things that were. The artillery alone represented it. A long train of monks and priests followed; the Diplomatic Corps, the members of Congress, and various fire brigades—French, Italian, and Peruvian—made up the cortège. The coffin—open and exposing the body to full view—was superbly ornamented with gold and

silver. The heart was carried in a handsome casket lined with white satin.

August 2nd.—Mr. Pardo's inauguration as President took place to-day, amidst the greatest enthusiasm. The day was observed as a holiday, and the Plaza de Armas and the streets leading to the Senate House were handsomely decorated. Forty young men, belonging to the first families of Lima, formed themselves into a guard of honor to escort Mr. Pardo from and to his residence. Some enthusiastic admirers revived on this occasion the old custom of scattering gold and silver from their balconies among the crowd as the procession passed by. The new President's speech was, as usual, just what it ought to be; no frothy display of oratory, but the calm and dignified expression of the views of a true patriot and able statesman. In the evening there was a grand display of fire-works &c. at the Palace of the Exposition, and especial entertainments at the theatres.

August 7th.—We have calmed down again and returned to common life, though I doubt if poor Mr. Pardo can ever feel very calm or quiet again. He is inundated with congratulations and deputations from all points of the compass.....

The "beatas" of Lima, are crowding to see the corpse of a poor old woman, said to have lived a saintly life, who died a few days ago, and whose body retains its warmth and flexibility and the heart its pulsations !

August 10th.—My serenity was of short duration. I was again the victim of a daring robbery yesterday, and my head is still whirling with the excitement. Having unexpectedly a little leisure, I returned home about two o'clock p.m. with the intention of lunching before proceeding to my next pupil, when I found, to my dismay, that my door had been forced open with an iron bar which lay beside it! I rushed in frantically and stood aghast at the spectacle. My trunk had been broken open and rifled of every piece of jewellery it contained, three gold bracelets, and a most valuable set of rubies and opals among the number. A gold locket, a fruit knife on the table, a fan and a variety of articles of smaller value, were swept off at the same time. I had left a packet of about one hundred soles quite close to the jewellery, and I never doubted that they had gone too. I sat down, overwhelmed with despair at this fresh calamity. Then I ran to the Cholo Santos, who was cleaning G's room adjoining, but he could give me no information except that he had found the door broken open on his arrival about half an hour previously, and had immediately gone to notify G—— and the police. About fifteen minutes after, two Police Inspectors arrived accompanied by two celadores. I told my story and to my surprise their suspicions immediately fell on Santos, whom they took into custody, as well as a mulatto boy named Augustin, who came to enquire for Santos while the in-

vestigation was going on. G's room was robbed a few months ago while under the charge of Augustin's younger brother, who proved to be a notorious thief, and most people seem to think that I have been the victim of a concerted plan between the trio. Rousing myself this afternoon I made a closer inspection of the confused heap in the rifled trunk, and to my great joy found that the little packet of money had escaped the notice of the thief, who had evidently left in a hurry, This discovery lightened my heart considerably, for though the jewellery and other articles are worth more than double the amount I can bear their loss far better than that of my hard-earned cash. Mrs. D—— and Mrs. K—— called to condole with me this afternoon, and found the mercury rising again. As soon as M—— heard of the robbery, she most thoughtfully sent me back the ten soles I lent her the other day.

Sunday, August 11th.—On my way to Church this morning, I called at the President's private residence (he only uses the Palace for official business)—but the family had already gone to the Misa de Gracias at the San Augustin Church. I therefore left my card with a few lines scribbled on it, asking Mr. Pardo's aid in tracing the thief. I heard that the musical service at this Misa de Gracias was to be very beautiful. It is a thank-offering from Mrs. Pardo for her husband's preservation, and will cost two thousand dollars, it is said.

Marcelino Gutierrez, the fourth and only surviving brother, was captured on Saturday, disguised as a Chinaman on board steamer about sailing for Europe. *On dit* that Mr. Pardo would have preferred his escape; nevertheless his evidence will be valuable in the investigation of the dark deeds of the late administration. It seems to be clearly proved that Balta had really entered into some plot with the Gutierrez brothers for a coup d'état, but having changed his mind they determined to take him prisoner, and play the game alone. Thus Sylvestre Gutierrez' death was avenged by his brother Marceliano on Balta as a consequence of his defection. I doubt if the history of Peru, even under the iron rule of the bloodthirsty Pizarro records a darker tragedy than that enacted in Lima on the 26th July, 1872.....

Francisco Balta, brother of the murdered President, has separated from his wife, a sister of the Gutierrez bandits. He will allow her a handsome maintenance, but refuses to see her again. A hard sentence, if her name be her only crime; but some say that her character and temper are worthy of her lineage.

Tuesday, August 13th.—I was quite sure that Mr. Pardo would comply with my request without loss of time. An officer presented himself early this morning, and said that he had called yesterday in my absence. I related the circumstances of the robbery and gave him a list and description of the stolen articles. He departed, promising his utmost

zeal and diligence in the prosecution of the search, but I have little hope of any satisfactory result.....

Dined at Mr. D——'s. At my request, Mr. K——kindly lent me a small four-barreled revolver, shewing me at the same time how to load and fire it.

Thursday, August 15th.—I availed myself of this holiday to visit the Palace of the Exposition and grounds, and was well repaid for the fatigue. Incomplete as the various departments must necessarily be at this early stage, enough has been done to interest the visitor for many hours, and should the designs of the originator, Dr. Fuentes, be fully carried out, the Exhibition Palace of Lima will soon stand a comparison with those of Europe. I think the large picture in the Hall—an oil painting of the death of Atahualpa—interested me most; I could have gazed at it for hours. It was a most speaking picture and beautifully executed. The noble features of the murdered Inca, the anguish of his weeping attendants, and the stern faces of the haughty Spanish warriors were all faithfully portrayed. The artist, a young Peruvian named Montero, died in 1868 of the yellow fever. Had he lived he would have attained a world-wide celebrity. Atahualpa's descendants still wear mourning for him.....

J. P., who was very kind in his offers of service on the day of the robbery, called again this evening and told me that his sister M—— had called yesterday in my absence. She is very busy preparing for the eventful 25th.

Friday, August 16th.—When I arrived at Mrs. S. M's this morning, she was examining a most superb diamond set with which a German Jew was trying to tempt her. The price asked was thirty thousand soles, and she declined the purchase..... M—— came over this evening, and we had a long chat, chiefly on her approaching wedding. She is "o'er young to marry yet," and I wish the marriage could be postponed until she and her fiancé have had better opportunities of becoming acquainted with each other's characters and tastes. But indeed no two persons can ever be said to be thoroughly acquainted with each other until they have lived under the same roof, I think, or have *made a sea voyage in company.* I know of no better test of character than the latter, for sooner or later, all masks drop off at sea, and the real man or woman stands revealed. Two unsympathetic minds, however, may pass a life-time under the same roof, and remain "strangers yet." As the poet writes,

> "Each in his hidden sphere of joy or woe,
> Our hermit spirits dwell and range apart;
> Our eyes see all around in gloom or glow—
> Hues of their own, fresh borrowed from the heart."

Saturday, August 17th.—Called to see Mr. C——, the Superintendent of the Oroya R. R. to ask his influence on behalf of J. D. which he most kindly promised. I was introduced to his wife, a most interesting Bostonian lady,

lately arrived with their two little boys..... Have heard nothing more from the Police Head Quarters, except that there was no proof against either of the parties arrested and they were accordingly discharged, though nobody doubts their guilt, I believe. Meanwhile the possession of that little revolver gives a pleasing sense of security hitherto unknown to me. When at home in the day time, it lies on my table, loaded, and hidden by a newspaper. At night, I place it under my pillow, and when I go out, I secrete it under the matting close by the door, handy for for use should I find a robber within and my life in danger. Nothing but such an extremity would induce me to pull the trigger, and I am sure that the sight of the weapon alone would be sufficient to rid me of the thief. If not, I would cover him with my pistol until I could give him in charge to the nearest celador. But I don't think I shall have any occasion for the display of my prowess; there is nothing left to rob but my clothes and a few articles of furniture. I keep no money at home but what I can carry in my purse (it was stolen from me twice in Havana and once in New York) and it now gives me no inconvenience whatever to wear *all the jewellery I have left!* Robberies are more frequent than ever now since the dispersion of Gutierrez' horde of ruffians, and unfortunately most of them retained their arms. Mr. Pardo and his Cabinet take the field under serious difficulties—an empty exchequer not the least.....

My laundress sent her husband for my clothes this evening. He was so intoxicated that I felt great uneasiness in entrusting them to him. If all Christian men and women would abstain from drink for the sake of their weaker brethren, how much misery might be averted!

Thursday, August 22nd.—A pleasant visit from Mr. E—— who brought me a note from Chorillos from his sister, Mrs. J——, thanking me and Mère St. Thomas for the beautiful initials made for her by the latter in dried flowers.

Poor Madame D—— told me to-day that her husband had relapsed into his old habits, after five months' steadiness. He left home twenty-five days ago, and she has seen nothing of him since. It seems so extraordinary to me that men can be such weak fools! I do believe that our sex has ten times more self-control..... Handed G— the monthly rent—ten soles—which he charges me for this room, and requested a receipt for it as well as the last month's payment which he had forgotten. Obtained both.

Saturday, August 24th.—Went over to see M——this evening at her request, as she was suffering from a cold. Found her very hoarse and tired out with her preparations for to-morrow's ceremony and leaving home. She shewed me her presents which were numerous and pretty, and seemed much pleased with my little souvenir. Mr. G——

the bridegroom, came in just as I was leaving, and there was no time for more than an introduction.....

Sunday, August 25th.—The bells are ringing eight o'clock p.m., and M——'s fate will soon be sealed for weal or woe. May God be merciful to her! She is a charming girl,—as lovely in character as in person, and deserving of every happiness. The Papal Nuncio is to tie the knot..... Had a visit this afternoon from Miss J———, the celebrated traveller on the free list of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company. Having lost some property lately, she wishes to find a situation in Lima as resident governess, and desires my assistance. I told her how very rarely such positions were obtained here, but gave her an address which might possibly lead to a fulfilment of her wishes. Miss W——— called last evening, but I regretted that I had no satisfactory news to give her.

Wednesday, August 28th.—There is a lull in the political world; I hope it does not presage a storm. It is said that the President is about making a tour through the country

I doubt if there is another city in the world where there are so many blind beggars as in this. They come chiefly from the Sierra, and, I am told, that their loss of sight is occasioned by the reflection of the sun on the snow-covered mountains. At all hours of the day you meet them in the streets or hear them in the court-yards, keeping up an incessant tapping with the long sticks with which they feel their way. Once inside the gate, their pertinacity is wonderful; I never knew it baffled yet. "Ave Maria puri-i-i-i-ssima! un pobre ciego por el amor de Dios!" is sung out in one unvarying monotone, with the running accompaniment of the stick. You may have relieved the same man the day before, and now feign deafness, thinking to tire him out. But all in vain—the song goes on—and finally you are glad to purchase silence with a "medio."

Saturday, August 31st.—Presuming that the bride made her first appearance at Church yesterday as she intended, I went to see her to-day as she had requested. She looked charmingly and seemed in excellent spirits, in spite of the trying circumstances of her marriage. Her husband came in for a few moments and his loving and affectionate manner to his young bride disposed me to like him very much. I was congratulating him on his good fortune in having secured such a handsomely furnished house, as they are so rare to find, on which he replied that "Mrs. G—— was the most precious possession in it." She is indeed, and I trust he will always think so

Yesterday was the feast of Santa Rosa, the patron saint of Lima, and I enjoyed the holiday. Called to see Miss. J—— who was visiting at Mr. M——'s, the railway king of Peru, and where I had also the pleasure of a long talk with his clever and accomplished niece, Miss. B——, and of hearing some exquisite music contributed by the joint

performance of Miss. M——, (her cousin,) and herself on the organ and piano. Mr. M—— came in and appeared to enjoy the music as much as any one ; indeed, I am told that he has great musical taste. Engrossed as he is with vast schemes in connection with his business he evidently takes time to enjoy the pleasures of domestic life, and his example might be followed with profit by his countrymen in the United States. His hospitality is on a most princely scale, and the poor and unfortunate ever find in him a most generous benefactor. His enterprising spirit and clear-headed intelligence have been of great benefit to the land of his adoption, while they have secured for himself an immense fortune

Steamer in but it did not wait for the New York mail at Panama, so we have no hope of letters now until the 8th Sept.....We have had a few gleams of sunshine lately, so the worst of the winter is over.....

Monday, September 2nd.—A sunshiny spring day Enjoyed the rare blessing of a good sleep last night, and I attribute it, under God, to the extra precautions I took against the fleas. They swarm in this country, and are without doubt the greatest of the minor evils. I invariably remove and shake out the bed clothes every night before retiring, and when not too tired I make a close inspection of the mattresses as well, winding up with an application of the broom all around the vicinity of the bed. But in spite of all this care I seldom pass an hour undisturbed, day or night. However, I have attained a considerable amount of skill in the chase, and my victims four nights ago ascended to fifteen in number

This is one of my hardest days—over seven hours' teaching, and about two miles of walking. I seldom have time for a sit-down lunch, but the accomodating "manta" enables me to munch a cracker as I go my rounds. Under its cover I often bring home a quarter of a pound of butter, or a little jar of preserves, or a small loaf of bread !

The Banks are showing their patriotism in coming to the aid of the Government, and it is to be hoped that the ship of state will yet weather the storm.

September 4th.—The "Nacional" and "Comercio" are filled with Casos' "Manifiesto" from his refuge in France. Of course, he is a self-sacrificed martyr to patriotism according to his own account. He "thinks history will do him justice." I think it will, and write him down—"*Scamp.*"

Wednesday, September 11th.—I read to-day a splendid speech of Mr. Pardo's at the dinner given him by the "Club Nacional." Some people are grumbling at his extensive retrenchment ; do what he will, he must give offence somewhere, but I hope the majority have sense enough to see the wisdom of his measures and trust him implicitly M—— writes that she would like me to get S—— a situation here, but I am afraid it would be

more difficult than ever at present. I hear there were nine hundred applications for situations in the new Bank.

Monday, September 16th.—Dined with Miss. J—— last Thursday at the hotel, and at her request wrote a note for her in Spanish. She is a woman of rare energy and intelligence ; few at her age—she must be about fifty-five or sixty—would devote themselves, as she is doing, to the study of French and Spanish for the purpose of teaching them. I admire her for it, and shall do all I can to assist her

There was a grand bull-fight yesterday, in honor of the new President, but I am quite sure that could he have consulted his own wishes in the matter, he would have announced himself as more honoured in the breach than the observance of that custom. The Peruvian ladies, like the Cubans, have long since abandoned the bull-ring, though it is occasionally visited by foreign ladies, led thither by curiosity. Mine was never powerful enough.

September 17th.—The Annual Ball of the Club came off last night. Yesterday morning Mrs. D. L—— had no intention whatever of going, but when I breakfasted with her this morning, I found that she had gone after all. She had suddenly changed her mind late in the afternoon—bought an imported silk dress at a thousand dollars—did not like it—took off the lace trimming and bought one hundred and ten dollars' worth of rose-coloured silk—set six women to work and had it made up and trimmed with the lace of the imported dress by midnight when she went to the ball, resplendent in the diamond set purchased that day from the German Jew, who however had reduced his price to twenty thousand dollars. Mrs. L—— is a splendid looking woman, and I doubt if any there outshone her.

September 18th.—Thank God for the good news of S——'s recovery ! May he be duly impressed with a sense of His mercy.....Letters from E. A. and C. but none from M——, which disappoints me much

The following schedule is proposed by Congress for the pay of the non-commissioned officers and privates of their army. First Sergeant thirty two soles per month ; Second do. twenty-seven ; First Corporal, twenty-five ; Second do. twenty-four ; Privates, twenty-three. They are also furnished with board, lodging and clothing. It is said to be the best paid army in the world.

September 19th.—"S—— is well!" was my first thought on waking this morning, and it has filled my mind ever since. I was so despondent on the subject that I feel the relief of the unexpected blessing all the more The ex-ministers of the late administration are to be impeached. The indictments against Santa Maria far outnumber all the rest, but he is safe out of the country and I fancy he has long ago invested all his funds in foreign securities.

Sunday, September 22nd.—Miss. W—— was not at church this morning, in consequence, I presume, of the festivities

in honour of her pupil's wedding last night. A bride of fifteen! What a responsibility rests upon the parents! But H—— is an uncommonly fine girl. and has much more steadiness of character than most girls of her age. Sent letters to D—— and A. P—— by yesterday's steamer.

September 24th.—The papers are commenting on the President's Message, which he read himself in Congress, varying the usual custom. It is calm and temperate in tone, showing in clear figures the enormous debt which must be paid off, and pointing out the ways and means. He appeals to the patriotism of his countrymen and trusts that the same patient resolution which has enabled the people to achieve their late political victory will be exhibited in their reception of the measures proposed for the relief of the country from its financial embarrassments

This is the great festival of "La Merced," but I have been too ill to enjoy my holiday. I went, however, with Mrs. D—— to see the beautifully decorated church; it was thronged with people, and I found myself minus my eye-glass when I came out.

September 27th.—As one of my favorite pupils, S. I. was planning the study of French with me next year, my conscience reproached me with keeping my intended departure a secret from her. I therefore informed her of it, and she appeared profoundly disappointed. But at times I feel utterly incapable of holding out even so long—occasionally I have to lie down while my pupils recite to me Mrs. L—— and Mrs. G—— apparently count on my educating their children for years to come, so in a month it will be my duty to notify them, with the others, of my intention to return to my normal condition of a "lady of leisure"——retiring on a sum which would not pay their laundress' bills! But twenty years at the mill are more than enough with such health as mine, and a silent prayer for patience often rises from my heart. It needs an inexhaustible supply sometimes—especially when a stubborn and lazy pupil obliges you to return a book to her five times before she will recite a lesson of a few words correctly. But, thank God! I have only one or two of this class.....

The French paper "Le Journal de Pérou" has a very good article to-day on taxation as a remedial measure. It deprecates, and very justly apparently, the increased taxation on imports, as falling heavily on the industrial and poorer classes, and proposes the Income Tax instead, as it exists in England and the United States. I don't pretend to any knowledge on the subject, but it seems to me a more equitable measure, for surely the rich ought to pay more than the poor in supporting the burdens of the state.....

Miss. W—— brought me a piece of her late pupil's wedding cake this evening, and says it is very good. It

ought to be—Gunter made it—but I am content to take her word for it, for to me it is always suggestive of a bilious attack. The young bride's paternal mansion being very spacious, the newly-married pair are installed in the handsome apartments on the second floor, and there, according to the laws of the Medes and Persians, a month's imprisonment, relieved only by a visit to church, is the fate of the happy bride. M——'s term has almost expired and she will soon be out on leave.....

September 28th.—We had a pretty sharp earthquake last night between twelve and one. It lasted longer than any I have ever experienced here; the window panes were rattling fully a minute, I think, before the house began to rock. Most people seem inclined, at such times to seek safety in flight, but I never stir, for in a city, unless you have time to reach an open square, the danger is equal in all other places, I think. Nor do I get much excited, though filled with awe as every one must be. Committing myself to our Almighty Protector I await the end wherever I may be. We have been singularly free from such visitations for a long time; I think the last occurred nearly a year ago. The fall of any of these inner partition walls could hardly do much damage, I imagine; they are generally made of dried mud, and so thin that a good-sized darning needle would make a peg on both sides.....

For a long time I have done my *inside* work myself, and my friends would be amused to see my array of dusters, broom, glass cloths, pans, plates, &c., &c. It takes up no small portion of my limited leisure, but there is no help for it—a clean and trustworthy servant is not to be found here, except among the few of foreign birth, and they are beyond my means.....

Sunday, September 29th.—Had a splendid sleep last night, of five hours, earned by a good deal of preparatory sweeping. General H—— came home from church with me and made a long visit. I like him and his little wife very much, and have spent several pleasant evenings with them.....

October, 3rd.—Mrs. C——, my Bostonian neighbor, who commenced taking lessons from me in Spanish a few days ago, came in for another this evening. I find her most intelligent and agreeable and quite enjoy the lesson.....

October 5th.—My third visitor this afternoon, the Padre M———, has just left me, and my throat aches with so much talking, an exercise not at all in my line. We touched on a variety of topics. I often hear a bell at midnight from the neighboring convent of Jesus Maria, and the Padre tells me that the nuns rise nightly at that hour for service in the church, retire to bed again at one, and rise finally at four, for another service in the church. They are totally dependent on charity for support, and when out of provisions, a bell makes appeal (no pun intended) to the sympathies of their neighbors. They wear a single garment, of rough coarse stuff, and sleep on a

hard board. Silence is the law of the community. The worthy Padre is of the opinion that to the prayers of these recluses we owe the salvation of the city during the Gutierrez revolt.....

Madame D——— came to tell me of her domestic sorrows again. After maintaining her wretched husband in idleness for many months, he went off to resume his old habits, and about a fortnight ago she was distracted by the intelligence that he had carried off their little girl from the house where the mother, who alone pays for her support, had placed her to board. Wild with grief she sought and finally found her at Callao at the house of her mother-in-law. As she absolutely refuses to take her worthy spouse on trial again, he amuses himself by smashing her windows. "A neat thing in husbands," as cousin E——— would have said. These specimens of the *genus homo* are not calculated to make one look upon celibacy as an unmitigated misfortune. My friend means to provide herself with a revolver, and is very urgent that I should accompany her to the country some holiday, that she may have a little ball-practice!! I thought she must be jesting, but found she was perfectly serious ! Who wouldn't be married?

Sunday, October 6th.—Read this evening the 17th chapter of Goulburn's "Pursuit of Holiness,"—lent me by Dr. H— It is a book I mean to own some day, or rather a copy of it, for I have no designs on the Dr.'s property.....

Friday, October 12th—Had a pleasant visit from the bride this evening; she looks well and happy, and I am so glad.....

Provision dealers are taking advantage of the increased duties to raise their prices out of all proportion. Mrs. L——— told me at breakfast this morning, that coal is now thirty-six dollars a ton; it costs them a sol per day, and, of course, they only use it for cooking and washing.

Monday, October 14th.—Dined yesterday with Gen. and Mrs. H———, and spent a very pleasant evening, though the Sunday dissipation gave my conscience some twinges. Paid my usual visit at the doctor's, and stopped at Mrs. C.'s after morning service. Played sacred music on her new piano; she appeared to enjoy it as much as I..... Hearing that Mr. Pardo was ill, I called to enquire after his health; found two aides-de-camp *en grande tenue*, in waiting in the drawing-room, the first signs of his official dignity which I have seen at his residence, with the exception of the sentries at the gate. Certainly he parades his honours little enough. Mrs. P—— was not visible, but I was informed that the President was better.....

Friday, October 18th.—These are *stirring* times, certainly. Yesterday morning, between three and four o'clock, we had by far the sharpest and severest earthquake I ever experienced. It woke me at once, and I found the house shaking and creaking violently. This lasted about six

seconds—then came a lull for a moment or two, followed by another violent shaking. I find there was a general rush out of bed, and a gathering of frightened households all over the city, without much regard to appearances. But this is the season for earthquakes, and the annual procession took place to-day in honour of the saint whose protection from them is specially invoked. They carry an immense image of this saint from its resting place in one church to another in a distant part of the city, and to-morrow it will be brought back with the same ceremony.

.....We had another shock last night, and again this afternoon, but both were slight.....

Went without my dinner yesterday, my celestial coming back from the Restaurant empty-handed, having had a row with the cook. It was too late to send elsewhere and I was too tired to go out. Though a good-hearted fellow, he is certainly very peppery. Marianita sent me some delicious candy this evening. I wish it had come last evening—however, I had a box of biscuits, and didn't starve.....

Madame D——— called this morning to tell me that her black sheep had returned to the fold, neatly shorn and in good condition generally, so she had concluded to give him shelter again.....

Wednesday, October 23rd—My prophecy last year of the retaliation of the students on Santa Maria for his oppressive measures was verified yesterday. Some twenty or thirty paraded him in effigy in the Plaza Bolivar, winding up with an auto-da-fé amidst the firing of rockets and a general jollification. Had he been caught that memorable night, he would certainly have shared the fate of the Gutierrez brothers.....

My month's rent was due yesterday, and, strange to say, G——— has not yet sent for his money.

Friday, October 25th—He sent for it yesterday, and I took his receipt.....Had a long and most agreeable visit from Mrs. J. M———, who is about removing to Chorillos for the summer, and wishes me to give her little girl lessons in music. I would like it extremely, for I am quite charmed by the mother, but my engagements in Lima make it impossible for the present. I accepted an invitation to spend Sunday evening with Mrs. M—— and enjoy some sacred music.

Monday, October 28th—Though my head was worse than usual, I went to Mrs. M.'s last evening, and the music soothed me. We formed a very fair choir of some fifteen or so. We had the combined music of harmonium and piano, and the effect was very fine. I played both. They sang many of my old favorite hymns. I had a long chat with Mrs. M——, in her room, before the singing commenced, and found myself more and more fascinated. She is certainly a lovely woman in every respect. She gave me a standing invitation to her house, and said many kind and

pleasant things to me—among others, the other day, that "she knew of no one who had made so many friends as I since my arrival," and when asking my assistance in finding a situation for a person in whom she is interested, she said she had heard that "I had more influence than any one." All of which was very pleasing to the old Adam.

Wednesday, October 30th—After breakfast (to which they almost always invite me, and which I often accept) I informed Mrs. L—— of my intended departure early next year, and proposed that she should take Miss W——— in my place, telling her how successful she had been with H. B.. and how highly the family recommended her. Mrs. L——— expressed great regret at my resolution—had hoped that I would have taught her children at least two years longer, and spoke most flatteringly of the satisfaction I had given her. With regard to Miss W——— she could not promise, but thought it very probable she would engage her.....

Friday, Nov. 1st,—All Saints' Day—Spent it at home, too ill to go out. Had several visitors in the evening, among others Madame D——— and Miss R———, who, with feelings of mutual dislike, thus met for the first time, and were very polite. Mrs. J. M. and her niece, Miss H——— also made me a long visit about nine o'clock, having just taken Mrs. H——— to the train for Chorillos Took tea last night with Dr. and Mrs. H——— at the Hotel Maury, and had a game of whist. Dr. H—— is British Consul here. He is a man of much learning, and has travelled extensively both on this continent and that of Africa, in various diplomatic missions. He is a member of several scientific and literary societies, and has published several books of travel. They are a warm-hearted Irish couple, Roman Catholics, and very pleasant company.....

Nov. 6th—I feel as tired now-a-days when I rise as when I go to bed.....Conversing with T.....a this morning on the proposed abolition of capital punishment in Peru, she told me the story of the attempted murder of the Senorita C—— V—— in Lima, five years ago. It seems that Miss V——, when a girl of fifteen, called a servant to light the gas in the drawing-room; he did so, and then blew it out, repeating the process several times, much to her indignation, and on informing her father of his insolence, Mr. V—— knocked the man down with a chair. He left, vowing vengeance, and shortly after, as Miss V——, attended by her maid, was returning home one evening about nine o'clock, from T——'s house, he waited for her and stabbed her several times with a dagger, leaving her apparently lifeless on the ground. She recovered, however, and the wretch was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment instead of *two*, as he boasted would be the extent of the punishment awarded.....

But I am no advocate for capital punishment. Except

in self-defence, I think none but the Creator has a right to take life. Besides which I believe solitary confinement for life far more terrifying to the criminal than death—and thus he has time for repentance. How many innocent men, too, have been convicted on circumstantial evidence, and sent into eternity!

Nov. 11th—A long and pleasant visit from Dr. and Mrs. H——. I went down to Chorillos yesterday to dine with Mrs. M——, who was suffering so much from headache that she had to leave the table, and I was disappointed of the pleasant evening I expected.....

November 19th—Had a cosy *tete-a-tete* dinner with Mrs. H—— yesterday, after which she gave me some delightful music; she is a very fine performer. Among the visitors who dropped in in the evening was Father Vaughan, a very intelligent young Irish priest, of good family, enthusiastically engaged in raising funds in Chili and Peru for a Spanish edition of the Bible. He is very gentlemanly in manners and appearance, and his conversation is most interesting. He requires ten thousand soles, and has already collected six thousand. I gave him the names and addresses of several influential families in the city whom I thought likely to aid him in his noble work, and I heard to-day that he had called on two of them and met with success. But Mrs. H—— tells me that the clergy here, with the exception of the Papal Nuncio and Bishop Medina, do not favour the enterprise. Dr. H—— has gone on an exploring expedition in company with a young American naturalist. The doctor's collection of Peruvian antiquities is a most interesting one.....

Had a note from E., dated 11th October, saying he had not yet disposed of the two last bills of exchange I sent him, as there had been a slight panic in the money market, but expected to realize on them in a few days.....

A pleasant letter from Mrs. F——, asking me to visit her in Florida, *en route* north. It is very kind of her, and I should be delighted to accept her invitation at some later period, but when I leave in May, I don't think I can stop at any place south of New York—I am too impatient to greet my old friends there once more.

Friday, Nov. 22nd—Must scratch a line or two before going to bed, or I'll get too far behind hand. Dined and spent this evening most pleasantly with Mrs. C——, who sang for about two hours to my accompaniment. She has such a sweet voice, and sings with so much taste and expression, that I am quite happy to play as long as she will sing. I find her, too, a most genial and agreeable companion.....Had the great pleasure of meeting Mr. S. G. A———, of Providence, at lunch at Mrs. J. M———'s last Wednesday. I found him much altered since I saw him eight years ago, and looking the grandfather he is, but the same frank heartiness of tone and manner were there. I quite enjoyed hearing the chronicles of the family in general, and of my old pupils in particular. He kindly gave them to me again more in detail last evening, when he made me a long visit, which I could have wished longer still. He showed me his family photographs. If the art

may be trusted, L—— has certainly married a remarkably handsome man.....

Father Vaughan's eloquence extracted a promise from me to make one or two calls with Mrs. H——— in aid of his darling scheme—the printing of the New Testament in Spanish. We did so, calling on Mrs. B——h and Mrs C——y, who both responded most liberally. But the good Father must be content with that exertion and my own little contribution ; I have neither time nor inclination for begging, even in such an excellent cause.

Wednesday, November 27th—The Consul is still absent. Mr. L———, of the British Legation, was present at Mrs. H's last evening, and again favored us with "Rigoletta" in splendid style, as well as a duet with Mrs. H—— (1) "Ojos Criollos," a most sparkling little piece, and beautifully executed. Mrs. C——— sang very sweetly, my favorite "Katy's Letter" and "Birdie that looks down from heaven"— a mother's most touching lament for a lost darling.....

The increased duty on saltpetre, the staple trade of Iquique, has excited great indignation there, and a deputation came up to remonstrate. Mr. Pardo entertained them at dinner, but refuses to entertain their views, I hear.

.....This has been quite a summer day.....The President, attended by his Cabinet and the members of Congress, made an excursion, last Sunday, to the end of the Oroya Railroad line as far as completed—that is, to the new bridge over the mountain torrent, and the highest in the world, being twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea.

Mr. Pardo was so much interested in the work, (which is a great triumph of engineering skill, and reflects great credit on the contractor, Mr. Meiggs, and his able and energetic Superintendent, Mr. Cilley), that he intends going over it again on Friday, leaving the city at four o'clock a.m. I hear that Mr. Pardo is very indignant that Congress has declared "no bill" against the notorious ex-minister Piérola, the editor of "La Patria."

Friday, December 6th—Piérola has gone to Chile—doubtless to hatch mischief. All the opposing factions will, I dare say, unite under his banner. (2) Any attempt at revolution will cost them dear, I think, for Medina, the Minister of War, is incorruptible, and the army thoroughly reorganized as it has been, will remain faithful to the President.

In E.'s letter, by the last mail, acknowledging receipt of my last cheque, he asks me to use my influence in procuring orders for the new firm. Among others, I called on Mr. K——, who promised to try and induce his principals, extensive lumber merchants in San Francisco, to open a business in connection with E——.

Tuesday, December 10th—My Chino failed me entirely on Saturday evening, and feeling too tired to go to my good

[1] "Creole Eyes."

[2] NOTE—While preparing this M.S. for the press, the telegraph has given us the news of Piérola's late insurrectionary movement—the defeat of his troops, and his escape to Bolivia.

neighbour's, (Mrs. C——y's) I went dinnerless to bed.

.....These tri-weekly railway journeys to my pupils in Chorillos add a good deal to my fatigue. Not far from the little town and in plain sight from the cars, are many Indian mounds, and as you gaze at them the mind goes back to the days of Manco Capac, his patriarchal rule and that of his descendants; to the glories of the Temple of the Sun, at Cuzco (the remains of which are still to be seen, I believe), and the palaces where gold and silver supplied the place of baser metals.....

My kind friends, the D.'s, have returned north. How I shall miss them!.....

Yesterday, by appointment, I called for Mrs. C.....y, and we drove at half-past twelve to the Senate House (the old Inquisition) to witness the re-opening of Congress. Through a wretched little dark and dirty hall and staircase we reached a small, low and latticed gallery, whence we looked down on the Senate Chamber. There were but few seats provided, and early as we went they were already occupied. We were in despair at the prospect of having to stand during the whole ceremony. Finally, after several fruitless exploring expeditions in the vicinity, I found a man who, in consideration of the transfer of a sol from Mrs. C——'s pocket to his, gave us the use of a couple of wooden chairs—one of which had no back, and would have been consigned to the stove of any decent kitchen. Ladies only were admitted to this gallery, and all were in mantas, except ourselves. I mean they were all *supposed* to be ladies, but from the conduct of several we had strong doubts on the subject. Mr. Pardo and his ministers did not enter until near three o'clock, and were it not that I don't like to be beaten in anything I undertake, I would certainly have proposed a retreat from that most uncomfortably crowded little perch.

The hall was handsomely fitted up and lined with portraits of departed greatness. On a dais at the upper end were the crimson and gold fauteuils of the President and Vice-President, and the members sat on either side. Mr. Pardo read his speech, but I was too far off to catch more than a word here and there. None but men of strong nerves would aspire to the Presidency of one of these South American Republics. Tidings have just arrived of the assassination of President Morales, of Bolivia, a few days ago, by his aide-de-camp and nephew, Capt. Lafaye, whom he had struck in a fit of passion. Morales' death, however, seems to be regarded as a blessing, for he was attempting the Balta game. He had just dissolved the Congress at the point of the bayonet, and the country was on the brink of a revolution.....Had a short letter from S——, asking me to get him a situation out here.

Tuesday, December 17th.—Rumours are rife this morning of an attempt at revolution in Arequipa and Piura, and several arrests have been made. The "Independencia" has been sent to Piura, to watch some officers of the disbanded army who are plotting revenge..... Hope to get an appointment for S——— through Gen. H——— and that he will be able to further E——'s wishes also. I copied and corrected a long document in Spanish for the

Gen. the other day..... Last Sunday was the hottest I have experienced in Lima..... The death of Horace Greely is announced by telegraph from Paita to day ; a great loss to his country, for he was a truly good man and an honest patriot..... Half past nine p.m. I have just finished Lamartine's exquisite poem—"Jocelyn"—though I had resolved not to read it any more in the evening for its interest is so absorbing that a sleepless night is generally the penalty. I have read nothing in French poetry as yet which surpasses it.

Saturday, December 21st.—Dined with Mrs. C———, and accompanied her to call on Mrs. H———n. The Consul had returned from his tour, and was very entertaining on the subject of Peruvian history and antiquities,. He thinks that the Incas are credited with a great deal to which they have no claim, and that the so-called Temples of the Sun date from a remoter period. He visited the ruins of Atahualpa's Palace, and saw many of his descendants—people who still intermarry with brothers and sisters.

Saturday, December 28th.—How much I enjoy teaching T.....a! It is decidedly the pleasantest of my working hours. She is a most superior girl, and the man who wins her will have a prize. But I don't think she will be easily satisfied here, and I doubt if she ever marries. One thing is certain, she will never be that most pitiable object, an *unhappy* old maid. She would never marry but from worthy motives, and should Providence decree a single life, her heart and mind are such that she would find her happiness —so far as earth can give it—in the charms of friendship.

.....There was a startling rumour last evening of the discovery of a plot to assassinate the President, and to-day the papers give the full particulars, even to the confession of some of the conspirators. Piérola and his brother are deeply implicated, as well as Colonels Cevallos and Gamio, who were arrested in Arequipa, that hot bed of revolution. They have been sent under a strong guard to the frontier. I can fancy the fury of that ambitious woman, Mrs. C——. Her husband, the Colonel, is a mere tool in her hands. She has said publicly, I am told, that he should be "either President of Peru *or in his grave* within six months." I am sure he ought to appreciate such a loving spouse..... Though feeling very unwell, I attended Mrs. J. M———'s delightful party at Chorrillos on Christmas Eve. The tree was most beautifully adorned and laden with gifts, toys of all descriptions, and many of them very costly. The children were in the highest state of glee, which reached its climax when Mr. B———h, admirably got up as Santa Claus, with a capote filled with bonbons, and pockets and arms equally laden with presents—gathered the little troop round him, and with many a merry jest, discharged his cargo. We returned to Lima by an extra train at half-past one on Christmas Day, and I was so fatigued by my unusual dissipation that I was obliged to spend the remainder of it in perfect rest. I find myself so much weaker this summer than last, that I sometimes think it will be quite impossible to hold out till May.

Monday, January 6th.—My celestial attendant, Akeen, (whose reluctance to accept pay was soon overcome) has come to grief. The mayordomo having given him a pair of black eyes, he retaliated last Tuesday with a knife, inflicting several wounds which at first were thought very dangerous. The celadores were called in; Akeen was hand cuffed and marched off, and I hear that he has been sold to another "hacendado"—or rather that the contract has been transferred to him—for slavery was long ago abolished in Peru, though possibly some of the Coolies may have doubts on the subject..... Went to see my good friend, Mercedita, the other day, and found her with another baby just a month old. There was nothing in the new arrival to excite raptures, but I said what I could to the kind-hearted little woman—viz. that it had large eyes..... A visit from Madame D———. Her black sheep—"coquin" she calls him—is always importuning her for admittance, so rather than "take him by the neck and turn him out" as she says, she permits him to take a mattress and sleep on the floor. When she leaves in the morning on her lessons she puts him out, locks the door, and tells him she "does not know when she will return—she may stay all night in Chorillos." Se he has to take his chance and hang about. "Je lui rends la vie dure" she says, and I don't doubt it.....

Thursday, January 23rd.—G—— moved out to-day, to a room at the office. He sent his boy for the month's rent, and I paid it, taking a receipt..... The Padre made me a long visit: he thinks of buying my furniture and taking my room on my departure, but I am afraid we shall not agree as to terms.

February 6th.—Thermometer over 90° in the shade in Chorrillos the other day—but that really is an unusual circumstance; Ranchos are at a premium there. Mrs. L— offered $500 a month for one the other day, but she was too late..... Met last evening at Mrs. C——'s a gentleman just arrived from one of the stations on the Oroya line. He says that he was in a *snow-storm* only 103 miles from Lima, where we were bathed in perspiration. But then he was some 12,000 or 14,000 feet above the sea level..... Procured a situation for Enrique's sister, lately, at Mrs L's where she seems well pleased..... There is small-pox in the city, and many are much alarmed.....I enjoy the fruit here, especially the grapes, which are both cheap and plentiful. Strawberries still hold out..... Four letters received from the North the other day cost me a sol in postage.

Thursday, February 13th.—Great excitement has prevailed in the city for two days past in consequence of the intelligence which reached here on Monday night that Colonels Cevallos and Gamio had been shot by their guard. Major Cornejo's despatch states that they were attempting to escape and fired first on him, but of course Mr. Pardo's enemies called it a *murder*, and the opposition press rings with denunciations of the Government. The news has cast a gloom over the whole city. No one who knows Mr. Pardo would ever associate his name with dishonor, yet it

cannot be denied that this most lamentable occurrence has placed a powerful weapon in the hands of his foes. Cisneros, one of the bitterest and most unprincipled, proposed in Congress yesterday, a vote of censure on the Ministry, and a scene of the wildest uproar followed. Many came to blows and even revolvers were used, mingled with the cries of "Viva Pardo!" "Viva Cisneros!" But the Government party had a large majority, and Cisneros slipped home in a coach to avoid personal violence from the mob.....Mr. C—— is thinking of sending his family North for safety on the 22nd. He anticipates trouble from the apparently unavoidable discharge of 8000 labourers on the Oroya line. The Government already owes the contractors 3,000,000 soles, and the treasury is worse than empty Went with Mrs. J. M—— to see the Padre Vijil, the Librarian of the Museum, an old man of whose learning, abilities and noble character I had heard much from Mr. S. G. A——. The object of Mrs. J. M——'s visit was to deliver a message and photograph of Franklin sent by Mr. A—— to his old friend. He received us very courteously, but his memory is evidently failing, and as there were other visitors present, our call was a short one Gen. H—— brought me a long business letter the other day, begging me to translate and write it in Spanish for him. I gave it to him the next day and he seemed very grateful.....I called at Marianita's, but was told she had been ill for five days past with fever, and this evening Miss. W—— informs me that it is small-pox.

Mardi Gras, February 25th.—The last day of the Carnival, I am happy to say, for I am tired of solitary confinement. However, I never witnessed so quiet a Carnival. There has been very little excitement of any kind by day, though judging from the extra rolling of the carriages by night, I imagine that the masked balls are very well attended. Putting on a dress nearly ready for the laundress, I risked a run over to Mrs. C——'s last evening, and only suffered a slight sprinkling from a juvenile Peruvian on my return to take tea with my opposite neighbour.....Mr. Pardo is said to have succeeded last week in effecting a loan of six millions of Soles from three of the city banks, which will carry on the railroad works for six months longer. In the interim the Government hope to negotiate a foreign loan Mrs. Cevallos had a grand funeral service performed at "La Merced" the other day in commemoration of the "Martyr" as the opposition papers call him; if they added *to his wife's ambition* no one would gainsay them. She indignantly rejects her late husband's pay, which Congress ordered to be continued to his family.....Wrote M—— and C—— by the steamer of the 21st and enclosed in my letter to C—— a Bill of Exchange for E—— for £115 2s 8d sterling. Wrote C—— that I would advance the funds for another quarter's schooling for M——e, and hoped the rest of the family would do the same.....A slight shock of earthquake this morning, the third within a month.....Took a long walk with Mrs. N——— the other day to introduce her to a party requiring a teacher—success doubtful.

Wednesday, March 6th.—Only ten communicants at church on Sunday.....Two young men died suddenly lately of yellow fever. M——— is quite well again; I called to see her at her rancho at Chorrillos.....Provisions are still rising in price. Best beef is a dollar a pound in Chorrillos, and Mrs. J. M——— told me that her butcher's bill for one week was one hundred dollars!.....Mlle. D——— called to-day to ask my advice and assistance in various matters, and was presently followed by one of the waiters at Manry's Hotel who begged I would try and get him another situation. I did not know the man by sight though I must have seen him when dining with my friends there, but apparently he knew me. I gave him an address. It is very amusing certainly. I think I might open an Employment Office, and do a flourishing business.

Monday, March 10th.—A most daring robbery was committed in the Calle Mercaderes the other night. The thieves worked their way through the drain into a jewellery shop and sacked it completely.....

Wednesday, March 19th.—This is the festival of San José, the Patron Saint of the Republic, and it was celebrated with great éclat in Chorrillos.....We had quite a shower of rain the other day—a most unusual phenomenon—and a delightful sign that the worst of the summer heat is over Received a letter from M——— to-day, mailed in Quebec on the 24th February—a pretty quick passage..... I am sorry that S——— has not taken my advice about studying Spanish.

Good Friday, April 11th.—Thoroughly exhausted by a vain attempt yesterday to witness the "Lavatorio" in the Cathedral. We were about two hours on our feet wandering about in search of a seat or some spot where we could view the ceremony. Mrs. C———y, Mrs. C———n, and I managed to wedge through the crowd, (some of whom were sitting on the floor, some kneeling but the large majority standing), almost up to the chancel, long before three o'clock, the hour appointed, when two or three "Zambas" commenced shouldering us right and left, muttering "es mi tierra y mi iglesia." Having no gentleman with us, a retreat was the only alternative. Most decidedly, the women of the lower classes here are the most *beastly* I have ever met. It is a strong term to use but I write the word deliberately, as my memory recalls other circumstances which I should blush even to record In some respects, the police regulations here are very stringent. No one is permitted to carry a load, or even a basket or bundle of any kind on the sidewalk, and it is rather amusing to see people skirting the outside to keep the letter of the law when a celador is in sight, and leaving the hard cobble-stones when beyond his vision.

These low Cholas invariably try to take the wall when meeting a foreign lady in the street. Generally speaking I am too hurried to dispute the point, but the other day, having a few moments' leisure, I resolved to give battle, and came to a stand-still close to the wall, which was on my right. My friend who was carrying a basket, (there being no celador in sight) stopped, hugging the wall also,

eyed me deliberately, and seeing no signs of surrender, put down her basket, and settled herself in a comfortable position, evidently thinking her victory was simply a question of time. Not a word had passed up to this moment, and the pantomine would have been highly amusing to any spectator, but as it happened, the street was almost empty at the time—a circumstance, no doubt, which prompted my friend's course of action. Not feeling disposed for a more prolonged interview, I now raised my eye-glass, and perceiving a little boy at the corner of the street, I called to him in Spanish to send me a celador; my speaking in that tongue electrified my friend, and I had hardly uttered the word "celador," when, snatching up her basket, she was off like a shot.....Had my photo. taken the other day at Courret's; my friends say the likeness is admirable, but I think it flatters me considerably.

Saturday, April 12th.—I accompanied Miss W——— to hear the "Misa de Gloria" this morning at the Church of San Pedro. We found it densely crowded, but as the nave was provided with regular rows of chairs and priedieux (all fixtures) with a reasonable space between each, a considerable degree of comfort was thus secured to the worshippers. We went at half past eight, and from that hour until ten, a very "dim religious light" pervaded the building. There was a vast amount of very *base* singing by a tenor, to the accompaniment of an equally miserable piano, followed by the chanting of the priests, and then as the ringing of bells within and without, and the explosion of fire-crackers in the neighboring square announced the appointed hour, the large curtain concealing the chancel was suddenly drawn aside, the altar shown forth, resplendent with the light of the Resurrection morn, and at the same moment, the figure of the Risen Saviour appeared in the niche above it; the effect was very beautiful. The Church is one of the finest in the city, and the sculpture which adorns it is truly beautiful. I like that free mingling of the rich and poor which prevails in the Roman Catholic churches, and the general use of the manta in this country precludes the Sunday exhibition of finery so prevalent among us.....Bought a few days ago, one gold and two silver thimbles of native manufacture for presents —as curiosities, of course, for I could buy them at the north for less than half the price. Bought some books to leave as souvenirs.

Thursday, April 17th.—Remained in Chorrillos last night at Mrs. H's, and on my return at half-past eleven this morning, I found that my room had been broken into again, and just in the same manner! But the robber must have been frightened off immediately, for as yet I have found nothing missing. I had a stronger fastening put on the door immediately, and I sincerely trust I may

get off without being victimized again.....Weather decidedly cooler.

Tuesday, May 13th.—Have hardly been at home at all for a week past, except to sleep, spending all my leisure with my friends and pupils from whom I am so soon to part. I have recommended Miss W——— as my successor in English, and Madame F——— in the other branches. A few days more, thank God! and I am free,—free, after all these long years of hope deferred and weary waiting, to enjoy quiet rest in the society of those I love best, for the remainder of my life.....Dined with M——— in Chorrillos the other day; a very pleasant little party, including the Ministers from the Columbian States and Central America.....Dr. H——— and wife sail for France to-morrow, I hope our paths will meet again some day. We dined together at Mrs. C———'s yesterday. I am so glad she has concluded to defer her departure till the 21st. I could not have a pleasanter travelling companion.

Monday, May 19th.—The news of the last steamer seems to assure the success of the Foreign Loan; it will lighten many hearts.....A new public school was opened lately with great ceremony; Mr. Pardo was present and made a fine speech. His motto is "La regeneracion del pais por medio de la educacion," and he is certainly puttting his shoulder to the wheel most vigorously. I don't think there is a harder-working man in the country.....Have been making farewell calls all round, and am much grati fied by the general expressions of regret at my departure, and many pleasing tokens of regard. My good old doctor gave me his photo. in exchange for mine; he never would take any pay. T———a gave me a very pretty ring, and promised faithfully to have her photo. taken and sent with her letter next month.

Thursday, May 22nd.—Steamer "Trujillo" En mer—no fleas—no dust. And yet I cannot shake off a feeling of sadness as I write these lines, though it is now twenty-four hours since we left port. I cannot forget that there is little probability that I shall ever see again the kind friends I have left in Peru, and that its shores have passed out of sight forever. I have no sympathy with those foreigners who, coming to the country to better their fortunes (and it is one in which no steady and industrious man need fear failure) lavish upon it and its inhabitants the most unqualified abuse. The sentiments of Mrs. C——n's poetic effusion—"Farewell to Peru" found no echo with me, much as I admired it as a first attempt versification. That vice and corruption prevail largely there is no doubt, but I think them more to be attributed to the want of education among the masses than to any inherent propensities. From the day of my arrival to that of my departure I met with nothing but courtesy and kindness, with but one or two exceptions, and those were among families who did not rank in the first class. Of course, I am now referring

to those classes with whom I have been brought into contact socially and professionally. The lower orders, I grant, are often very "bruto," and the women especially so..... This is a very comfortable steamer, and very ably commanded by Capt. Hall, the only American captain employed, I believe, on this line, a British one.....The French steamer left Callao twenty minutes after us. I asked Capt. H—— if they contemplated a race. He said, rather hesitatingly—"No—o—o—, but we will each go as fast as we can!" So far he seems very well satisfied with our progress.

Friday, May 23rd.—Between five and six o'clock yesterday afternoon, we ascended the promenade deck to watch the gambles of an immense shoal of porpoises. They really seemed to enjoy their sport as much as a parcel of school-boys playing at leap-frog. After tea we tried to extract a little music from the wretched piano—Mrs. C——— and afterwards a Bolivian gentleman singing to my accompaniment. He is an engineer, employed by his government on a mission to New York. He has an excellent ear and voice, but cannot play. He tried to tune the piano and succeeded, but the screws are so loose that the strings relaxed again in a few minutes. He sang a love song of his own composition, dedicated to his wife, a North American lady, in their honey-moon, and after he had hummed it over a little, I managed to make an accompaniment for him.....On reaching Paita early this morning, we found that the French steamer was in before us.....Weather very pleasant.

Saturday, May 24th.—In spite of headache, I could not resist playing a game of chess with a Dr., (I could not catch his name when introduced), an American going to California. I had the best of it until—my head growing worse and worse,—I made a rash move and lost the game. He is the strongest player I have met with since I left Canada. He said he had been trying to find a player among the gentlemen passengers, but never dreamt of finding one among the ladies.....We arrived in Guayaquil at half-past one, P.M. It is the chief sea-port of Ecuador, and a place of considerable commercial importance though it certainly possesses little else to interest one. They say that living is very cheap there. The Captain says that in Quito you can rent a fine house at ten dollars a month, and live splendidly on four rials, (forty cents), per day. The climate is excellent, and fruit abundant.....Mrs. C———y, Mrs. C———n, their children and myself went on shore for a little stroll, and refreshed ourselves with some very tolerable ice cream, and buying a few little nicknacks for Northern friends. We all stepped on the scales in one of the shops, and were weighed—Mrs. C———y marked 100 lbs; Mrs. C———n 135; and I, 120.....The Captain says the French steamer is a much more powerful one than ours; that it consumes upwards

of seven hundred tons of coal per trip, and this one something over two hundred. Miss W——, one of the passengers, says that a morning draught of salt water is most beneficial at sea, so I am going to try it; it is a most nauseous dose.

Sunday morning, May 25th.—Sat on the upper deck last evening for some hours—chatting and ruminating. It is hard to realize that I am on my way to enjoy independence at last. God alone knows how dearly it has been won, for no words could adequately describe all the sufferings and trials of these twenty years. And now there is an end of those weary hours of teaching, with an aching, throbbing head. I can afford to lie down and rest now when in pain —what a blessing! But I hope always to have some work on hand. I trust I shall never wish to live for self alone We are still at Guayaquil taking in cargo.....Yesterday was the anniversary of some Ecuadorian victory, and it was celebrated at sunset by the discharge of cannon from the Malecon just opposite the steamer, and a small parade of troops. I had imagined that the salute was possibly in honour of our good Queen's Birthday, but I believe the raising of the Union Jack at the British Consulate was the only exhibition of the loyalty of her subjects in this foreigh land..... The captain joined us at the tea table, contrary to his usual custom, and we afterwards had nearly all the Negro Minstrel songs which Forster ever wrote—sung most sweetly by Mrs. C——y, and Mrs C——n The work of lading went on all night, and the screaming of that noisy "winch"—as they term the machine—has not yet ceased. Of course, I passed a sleepless night..... While discussing melons at breakfast, practically and theoretically, a Mr. S—— mentioned that he had seen one in Santa Clara, California, measuring three feet in length. The Captain, evidently considering it a "yarn," immediately exhibited his powers in that line, stating, among other extraordinary phenomena, that he had "eaten cucumbers in New Orleans so large that they were *sold by the yard!* Mr. S——, however, persisted that there was no exaggeration whatever in his story, for *he had measured the melon himself*..... On Dr. E——— asking me if I would play chess, I reminded him that it was Sunday, and thereupon rose a discussion on the observance of the day, on the progress of Christianity, and on the success of missions. I regretted to find that of the eight or ten present, the majority were opposed to the doctrines of Christianity. One gentleman was especially severe on missionaries, accusing them in general of gross immorality I asked him if he had ever read the "Life of Henry Martyn." Of course, he had not. He did not believe in going to church, and "*considered himself as good a Christian as any.*" I told him I regretted I could not say as much for myself. Another gentleman present then spoke of a friend at Valparaiso, a Mr. R——— (a descendant of Pocahontas)

who died very happily, he said, though declining the spiritual comfort tendered him by the Rev. Dr. T——— an excellent clergyman of that city. Telling the reverend gentleman that he had lived without associating with persons of his class, and desired to die without them, he begged him to withdraw. To this I answered that I thought that each one would be judged *by the use he has made of the light given him*..... Two o'clock p.m. This is a long day. No service as yet, though if I mistake not, the rules of the P. S. N. Co. make it obligatory that their Captains shall hold service every Sunday.

Wednesday, May 28th—A dull rainy morning. While we were at breakfast the rain came down in torrents; the first *pour* I have witnessed for two years and a half.

Several passengers left us at Guayaquil, and we now number but seven or eight—quite a pleasant party. The old captain, too, is a very nice man in spite of his heterodox views, and a most entertaining companion. He has been at sea since childhood, and thinks there is nothing like "a life on the ocean wave." He gave us a most interesting sketch of his life and adventures, having visited so many quarters of the Globe. To China alone he has made twenty voyages. At one time he owned and sailed *The Spray*, ran from Hobart Town to San Francisco in forty-seven days, and from San F—— to Honolulu in seven..... Close to my state-room is a delightful bath-room, clean and inviting. This is sea bathing made easy, indeed. A turn of one of the bright knobs fills the bath in a few minutes with pure, clear water, and another touch carries it off.

Saturday, May 21st.— Caribbean Sea, steamer Colon. We anchored in the Bay of Panama early on Thursday morning. The scene was a most lovely one, and had I felt better I would have attempted a sketch of it. The California steamer had not yet arrived, and we passed the day quietly on board—some reading, some promenading and watching the unlading of the steamer by that iron-hearted "winch" into the sloops alongside. We all felt a little blue when having our last evening gossip with good old Captain Hall, whom, in all probability, we shall never meet again.....Early yesterday morning, we left the *Trujillo* in the little steam tug, and had a glorious sail through the beautiful bay to Panama, where we breakfasted—miserably enough—at the Grand Hotel, and left in the one-o'clock train for Aspinwall—my fourth, and, so far as I can tell, my last trip across the Isthmus.

On reaching Aspinwall at half past five, we came immediately on board this fine new steamer, and left port at midnight. There were a hundred passengers—the majority very sick already. The kindness of the agent, Capt. Rathbun, to whom I had written by a previous mail, had secured me an excellent state-room to myself, and an application to the captain to have the upper berth removed for the freer circulation of air, was most promptly and court-

eously answered by himself in person. A few minutes after his departure, a carpenter made his appearance, and the change which was effected has added not a little to my comfort. The captain has also very kindly secured me a seat at his table. Mrs. M——, a lady from Nevada, travelling under his care, sits on his right, just opposite me. A plain, ladylike woman, but exceedingly taciturn—a good quality, however, on board a California steamer or any other, until you have *taken a few soundings and observations*; otherwise you run the risk of making some awkward mistakes occasionally. My next neighbour at table is a Major B——, of the U. S. Marines, a very quiet, pleasant and well-bred man.

Sunday, June 1st—It grew very rough yesterday afternoon, and continues so. Mrs. C——y is still suffering a good deal, from sickness, and found their rooms so warm that she and Mrs. C——n asked and obtained permission to pass the night in the little saloon on the upper deck. The motion, however, is felt still more there, and they gained little by the change. To-day I have persuaded Mrs.C———n to rest in my berth, and she finds it more comfortable than any other place. I hope to persuade her to occupy it to-night, and I will take the lower one Certainly I have never made a voyage when we have "shipped" so many "seas." The scenes at table are particularly ludicrous. The crash of crockery is frequent. Yesterday, at dinner time, a wave dashing through the open port-holes, sent half the passengers flying from the table, dripping wet, amidst shouts of laughter from the rest. The captain says we are making eleven knots an hour (I don't pretend to know how much that is) against wind aud tide, and seems very well pleased with the *Colon's* trial trip.

Monday, June 2nd.—Mrs. C——y, passed a more comfortable night in my room though she is still ill. I managed to sleep a little too, having had none the night before. A sudden lurch last night sent me flying against my trunk, and bruised my arm severely, and at breakfast this morning, a waiter, similarly impelled, gave me a smart rap almost on the same spot. Verily this kind of life is full of moving incidents.

Wednesday, June 4th.—There was quite a resurrection among the passengers yesterday; a smoother sea makes smoother faces. At the Captain's table we are becoming decidedly more talkative. He is a southerner; but all reference to past troubles is wisely avoided. A perpetual flow of badinage is kept up by him and the Major, aimed at Mrs. M———, Mrs. A———, and myself, but never exceeding the limits of good breeding.....We have a Prussian lady on board, a Madame A. H——, one of the leaders, apparently, of the "Woman's Rights Association," and a friend of Mesdames Stanton, Cady, Anthony, Dickenson and Co. She is undoubtedly a clever woman, but I have little sympathy with that class—they go too far.

Wednesday, June 5th.—We had a pleasant party in the Captain's cabin last evening, and some very good singing. Mrs. C———y and Major B——— sang together, her clear and sweet soprano blending beautifully with his fine tenor. Mlle. M———, a young French lady, lately a teacher in San Francisco, and going home to be married, sang several French songs very effectively.....Sea still smooth and weather beautiful.

Saturday, June 8th.—Good-for-nothing yesterday in consequence of another sleepless night. We had too much "Rocking in the cradle of the deep" for my comfort..... The run on Thursday was not so satisfactory as the previous day, so we are not likely to reach New York to-night early enough to land.....I am sorry to say that this pleasant captain is a deist too. He asked me if I had read Tyndall's work on "Prayer" I said I had not, nor did I intend reading it. He then accused me of cowardice, to which I replied "I own I am afraid of reading anything that may weaken my religious belief. I think a man without faith is a most melancholy spectacle, and a woman still more so." Spent a farewell hour or two in his cabin last evening, in company with Mrs. M——, Mrs. A——, Mrs. C——y, and Mrs. C——n. On our last meeting there, we were stifling with the heat; now, we were glad to close the doors and windows.

Here ends the Journal.

We landed in New York early the next morning, and separated in different directions. Mrs. C——y and I parted with mutual regret, and promises of a speedy exchange of letters were made, and *kept* too. I trust another meeting is not far distant.

Spending a few days, *en route*, with various friends and relatives in Brooklyn and Washington Heights, New York; Riverside and Groton, Connecticut, I finally reached Quebec on the 2nd July, 1873.

On the 25th of that month, without a word of warning, the cup of happiness which I was just raising to my lips was dashed from them once more, by the intelligence that Mr. E——, the friend to whom I had been remitting the fruits of my labor for several years past, had appropriated and lost a large portion of them in the wildest speculations.

In my acceptance, in the year 1869, of Mr. E's offer to take charge of my funds, I was chiefly influenced by the advice of his elder brother, a person in whose judgment I had great confidence. He had repeatedly counselled such an arrangement and under date "Quebec, November 13th 1869," after writing at some length of Mr. E——, he continued as follows: "He is so extremely prudent and cautious, and knows the people with whom he deals so thoroughly, that I look upon his *modus operandi* as combining the maximum of profit with the min-

imum of risk. He keeps the amount so carefully that at any moment the state of your affairs with him can be at once ascertained. I should advise you as often as a safe opportunity presents itself, to send on your earnings to him, however small the amount at the moment may be. There seems to be a business growing up between Canada and Peru, and you will not find it difficult to make remittances."

And this was the result! Left now to struggle alone against impending ruin—for I found also that Mr. E——— was on the verge of bankruptcy—my fortitude gave way, and both mind and body lay prostrate for several days. Then, by an inspiration of Providence during the long hours of a sleepless night, I suddenly resolved to seek the advice and assistance of an old and tried friend, Mr. A. J. M. of this city. None in trouble ever turned to him in vain. His aid was most promptly and cheerfully given, and to his most kind and unwearied exertions I owe it, under Providence, that my loss through Mr. E——(1) (about twelve or fourteen huudred dollars) is not greater.

I am also much indebted for legal advice and ready sympathy to Mr. C——, Prothonotary; to the Hon. G. I., and to Mr. J. M. Queen's Counsel. To them, and to all who have sympathised with the trials of a teacher's life, I return my very sincere thanks.

(1) Those who may feel interested in the circumstances connected with that loss, are referred tc the Supplement.

FINIS.